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*Frontis, Vol III*

# MR. PUNCH IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

With 234 Illustrations  
& Frontispiece in Colours



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# THE NEW "PUNCH" LIBRARY

## TWENTY VOLUMES

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DESPITE HIS MANY ACTIVITIES, HIS TRAVELS, AND HIS aptitude for being rather sardonic at times where married life is concerned—and, above all, the history of his rather notorious prototype—our Mr Punch is a thoroughly domesticated person

It is from the ordinary affairs of ordinary people that he draws some of his choicest humour, and probably in the homes of such people that he and his gifted colleagues of the pen and pencil settle down with greatest content. Certain it is that in such homes his artists and writers find abundant material on which to work, with—one imagines from the results of that work—complete freedom from strain, and a delightful sense of being among folk whom they understand and with whom they are in sympathy

By this the Editor does not mean that the large Family Circle to which you are here introduced is selected unit by unit from what are called "the middle-classes" Dwellers in suburban villas, flats, or moderately-rented town or country houses have, obviously, no monopoly of family life It is as real and as marvel-making in the cottage as in the castle, but elsewhere in our Library the Mayfair home and homes of a humbler type have yielded us their contrasts of domestic humour, while the pressure on this particular volume has been, in the main, from the direction of the man or woman who jogs through life at medium gait

HERE we have a collection of pictured and word-fashioned joys having close touch with the things of everyday, things which most of us have experienced at one time or another, or which, we feel sure, our neighbours have experienced or are liable to experience Rich, poor or half-and-between, Mr Punch's admirers will find in his "Family Circle" scores of items to increase their cheerfulness or to bring cheerfulness into being That sort of thing is the genial old jester's special mission in life, and when he has become one of the family he is serenely certain that his mission will be carried to the gayest kind of conclusion

With all the good things spread out before him—the results of his fruitful gleanings through more than thirty years—the Editor, while, in the old phrase, chuckling over his work, has had to be careful lest his chuckles might not harmonise with those of his kindly critics He is sufficiently bold, however, to make special mention of the pictorial contributions by Mr, Bert Thomas, Mr. G. L. Stampa, Mr Frank Reynolds and the inimitable Mr George Belcher, believing that these names alone are sufficient to give distinction and enduring value to any volume Nor need the mention of any of Mr Punch's artists be thought invidious since to be of his company is an enviable distinction which they share together

The editorial search for Family Circle contributions of one kind or another has taken us into all manner of quaint scenes and among all manner of quaint folk. We have been impressed anew by the fact that the little hunchback of Bouverie Street knows a great deal about the simple perplexities, and joys, and

squabbles, and makings-up of husband and wife In dealing with such matters he employs a wit that is deftly blended with understanding and in which there is no acid constituent It is much the same when he looks on at the buying of clothes or hats for the ladies—or studies the bills rendered for these, when he is concerned with household accounts, cookery troubles, head-shakings over the waywardness of youngsters, and a host of other things that go into the general family-pie

WHILE it is true that Mr Punch's special interest in child-life has furnished an entire volume of our Library, it has seemed not only appropriate but inevitable that children should also appear in the present collection, for a family gathering without the little ones is unthinkable In these pages, therefore, they have been allowed to romp again, and if occasionally they get into disgrace or upset the serenity of their elders, their presence is none the less a delight for us

It would seem that now as in former years Mr Punch's artists—or those, at least, who have sought their subjects in a homely atmosphere—have been inspired to some of their happiest efforts by autocratic cooks, well-meaning but clumsy housemaids, and of course by such old friends as the plumber and his mate, the jobbing gardener, and even the burglar Actually there are quite a number of burglar jokes illustrated in this book, and though none of us wishes for personal acquaintanceship with that type of professional man, the specimens to whom we are introduced here are often so scared themselves, and always so rich in unconscious humour, that we can regard them almost with affection

THE authors have provided for us with gay generosity, and if the notes which they strike are varied, each note is exactly right and leaves a pleasant echo behind They give us word-pictures of people and events that have truth as well as wit, and as we read about young married couples, or timid lovers and irate parents, or about returning schoolboys or shopping expeditions, most of us will be able to say out of experience "Yes, that's just what would have happened"

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# MR. PUNCH IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

## The Ideal Home



ABOUT three years ago I was something of a cook I used to take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, shred slightly, stir and bring slowly to the boil. Then garnish with fresh parsley, and serve hot That was called "Aloyau de bombe glacée à la bonne femme," so far as I remember. Sometimes I would forget to garnish, and drop a piece of coke in by mistake Then it was called "Soup for Charitable Purposes," and we had to put it aside to cool

I fancy I was even better with the pastry The atmosphere I used to get into a Swiss roll! The—the ozone. (It must have been the oven) What a touch, too, with the blanc-mange—what a polish on its pink outside!

But perhaps the feat I am proudest of is this that I alone of living men have seen a rabbit dressed for cooking and remained a follower of the Higher Life "Dressed," you know—well, really!

I mention these facts not in any spirit of boastfulness, but simply to explain my interest in the Ideal Home Exhibition I had gone there expecting to see the whole building full of men cooking and women darning stockings; of large men taking a piece of butter the size of a cocoanut, and active women doing the Potato Stitch and the Jacob's Ladder Stitch Of course, as soon as I had paid my shilling I saw that I was in for something quite different, but none the less I was prepared for a pleasant and instructive afternoon "And," I said to myself, "since this really is the ideal home, I need have no qualms about lighting a pipe"

The fact that I had no matches did not worry me; the ideal home would have a dozen boxes in each room. I went up to the gentleman at the nearest stall.

"Can you let me have a match?" I said politely.

He turned a curious red colour.

"A lucifer," I explained "A pine vesta. Something of that sort"

He got quite scarlet, so I decided to explain further. "Er—why I want

a match is because I wish to ignite this tobacco I may say that I have paid my shilling at the gate, and——”

By this time he was purple

“If your hesitation,” I tried desperately, “is due to the fact that you only have the sort that strike on the box, I may say that I always carry a small portion of the prepared surface with me”

He turned away abruptly, and went off to speak to somebody else In resignation I raised my eyes and came upon this notice —

#### THE ELECTRIC COOKER

A BOON FOR EVERY HOME. NO MATCHES REQUIRED

Well, really, it wasn't my fault

Of course I was more careful after that I passed the “Quicklit” and the “Yuseitt” departments, and the stall of the “Brytenup Polisher” (I'll give you three guesses why it's called that), and so I came to Number 2901 or thereabouts My pipe was still unlit

“I beg your pardon,” I said, “but what is your—— I'm just setting



MOTHER “Cynthia, where did you get this book?”

DAUGHTER. “From your usual hiding-place, darling.”



#### AMBIGUOUS

BRIDE "Will you give us your blessing, Granny dear?"

GRANNY "Certainly, my dear May you be spared many years together "

up house, and so I am very much interested in all these scientific methods of cooking Is this——"

"The Hypograph," he explained

"Ah yes, I've always felt that—— How exactly——"

"It is a simple instrument for drawing two classes of curves, with the aid of which numerous beautiful and complicated patterns can be made "

I took out my watch and felt my wrist anxiously

"My pulse has stopped," I said "This *is* Olympia, isn't it?"

"Yes "

"Then I've come on the wrong day "

"The wrestling was last year," he said sarcastically "This is the Ideal Home Exhibition "

"It is? Oh, I beg your pardon And you draw those delightful curves? How jolly That's really all it does?"

"Oh no," he said, getting quite pleased again. "You can make any pattern you like Now, this way——"

"Yes, yes But I mean you can't light the oven with it or do the heating





TWEENY "You know 'ow you used to worry about  
gettin' a match for that Japanese vase?"

MISTRESS "Yes "

TWEENY "Well, you needn't worry any more "

or anything like that ? No ? You're sure ? Then—you won't mind my asking you for a match ?"

It turned out, when he understood properly, that he did mind. As he seemed to mind a good deal I hurried off and went up to the gallery. And in the gallery I met the Potted Meat Frill

When I am married (which may never be) I shall have a potted meat frill in every room. I picture to myself a delightful domestic scene. My wife



POLICEMAN "Is this one of the burglars, Ma'am?"  
 LADY "No, that's my husband You told me on the  
 phone to leave everything as I found it"

in one corner of the drawing-room putting the frills on the potted meat ; myself in the other with the Hypograph, making numerous beautiful and complicated patterns upon the top of the grand-piano-player. It will be an "overstrung black piano-player" from Stall 275 downstairs, and when it gets too much overstrung we shall send it down to the seaside for a week. On the hearth, beside the Electric Cooker and without any matches, our children——



"Apart from all the modern advantages, Madam, you have here an exact replica of an Elizabethan maisonette."



GRANDPA "Mine's doing 'Faust' What's *yours* doing?"

exhibit from Stall 108 When I arrived there, William (aged six months) was crying a little, but Bobby and Jane were happy enough. Personally, I should have turned William on to his front and patted him gently between the shoulders. I mean, probably he was—— But no doubt the nurses knew best, and of course, as they had fed him from Stall 106, he couldn't really have had indigestion

I watched the Happy Home for quite a long time—until, in fact, I remembered what I had come up there for Whereupon I went to the place where they sell the baby carriages, and said to a frock-coated gentleman there: "You sell baby-carriages?"

He said "Yes"

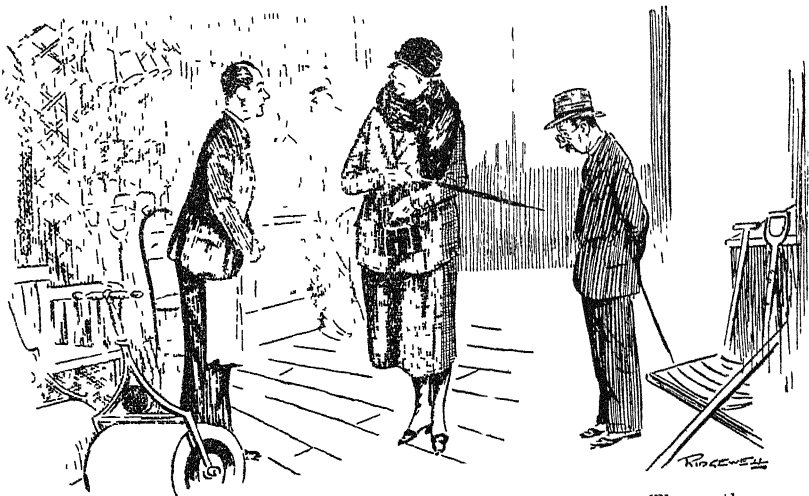
"But in private life you are quite an ordinary man?"

He admitted he was

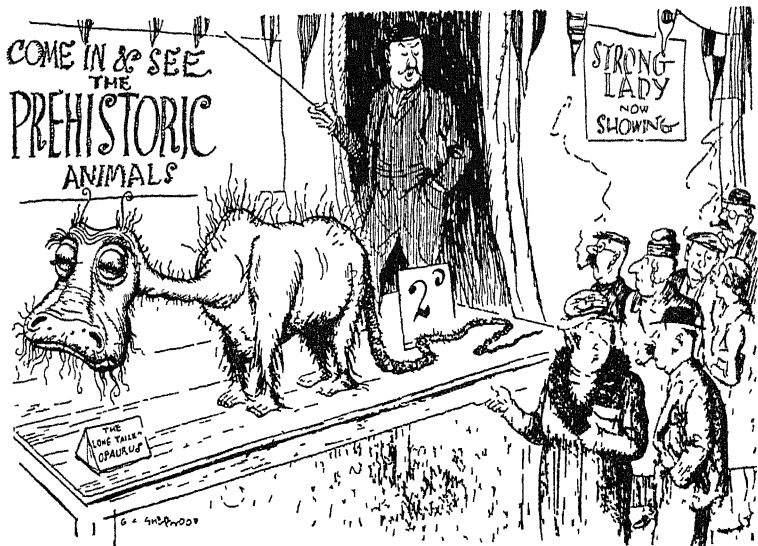
"And so am I. Now, as man to man, and imagining for the moment that we are both back in Upper Norwood, *can* you oblige me with a match?"

"Certainly," he answered.

A. A. M.



"I want a garden-roller, the size I leave to your discretion This is the gentleman who will use it"

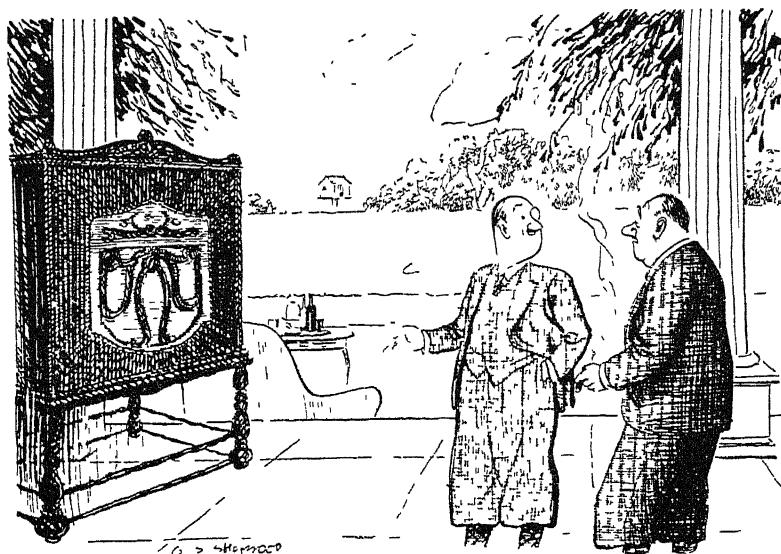


SHE "We ought to 'ave brought young Alfie along This'll stop 'im from wanting to be an explorer"



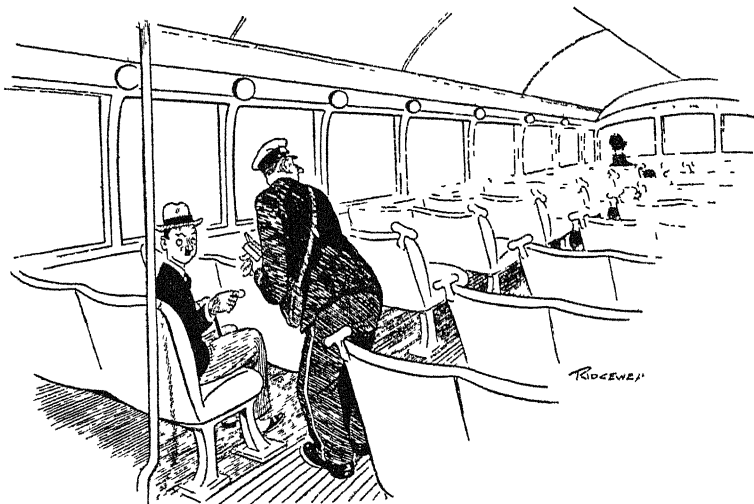
MISTRESS "Ellen, do you know anything about this? Someone apparently of the name of—er—Bert? I don't seem to know the—er—gentleman"

NEW MAID "Oh, you wouldn't I hardly know 'im meself"



FRIEND "What a wonderful wireless set you've got here!"

HOST. "Yes, not bad, I like to know the correct time"



PASSENGER "Two to Castle Square, please"  
 CONDUCTOR "Two?"  
 PASSENGER (*feeling explanation is due*) "Yes, the lady in front—my wife. Unfortunately we've just had a slight difference of opinion"

### The Cost of Noise

"THE money cost of noise," read Barbara, "is estimated by Professor Spooner at one million pounds a week. Seems a lot, doesn't it?"

"An under-estimate," I said. "Peter has made at least five thousand pounds' worth of noise this afternoon."

"How clever of the little chap! Why, that's more than a saxophonist gets."

"But Peter hasn't earned it. He's wasted it."

"He hasn't got it to waste. He's only ten pounds in the Savings Bank and three-and-twopence in his money-box."

"You don't understand," I began.

"I'm afraid I don't," she interposed, "first you say Peter has earned five thousand pounds, and then you say he's wasted five thousand pounds. And then Professor Spooner says——"

"Please," I insisted, "the Professor means that noise causes a loss of efficiency."

"Whose?" she demanded.

"Mine and yours."

"Curious," she remarked ; " I hadn't noticed any loss of efficiency."

" I have," I retorted grimly

" Then you've lost five thousand pounds this afternoon That's rather a lot, isn't it ? "

" I haven't lost five thousand pounds," I replied patiently. " I've lost the efficiency with which I might have earned it—or some of it "

" Because of Peter ? "

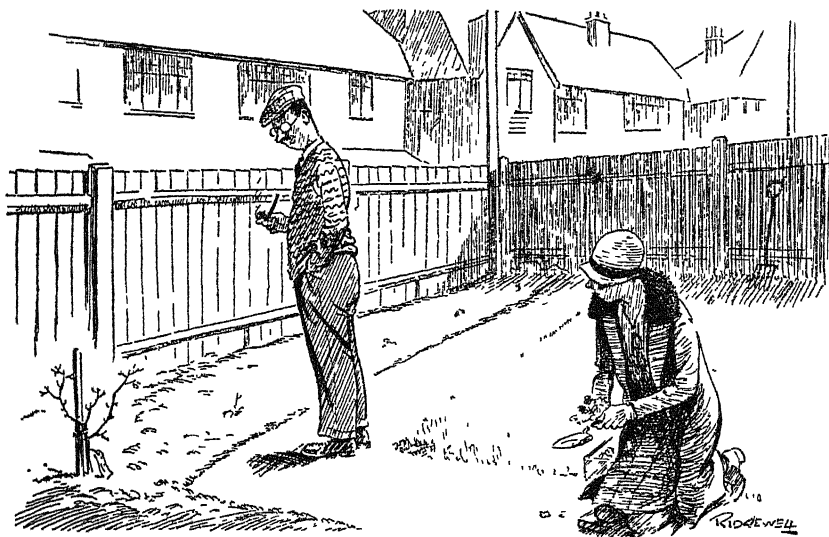
" Because of noises and interruptions Peter did his bit "

" I didn't know you were going to earn five thousand pounds this afternoon. Why didn't you tell me ? I could have taken Peter out for a walk and you could have showed us the five thousand pounds when we came in "

" I didn't mean to say I was going to earn five thousand pounds this very afternoon," I began.

" Five hundred would be something," she interrupted , " I'd keep Peter quiet for that. It's never too late to begin I'll put Peter to bed early and sit with him so that he doesn't make a sound, and then you can get on earning money When you've earned five hundred or so, you may knock off and take a hand at bridge Don't drive yourself too much, dear. Money isn't everything. Five hundred is quite enough for one evening "

" It isn't that," I explained when she paused for breath , " and it isn't



"By Jove, Gladys, every time I look at that pear-tree it makes my mouth water "

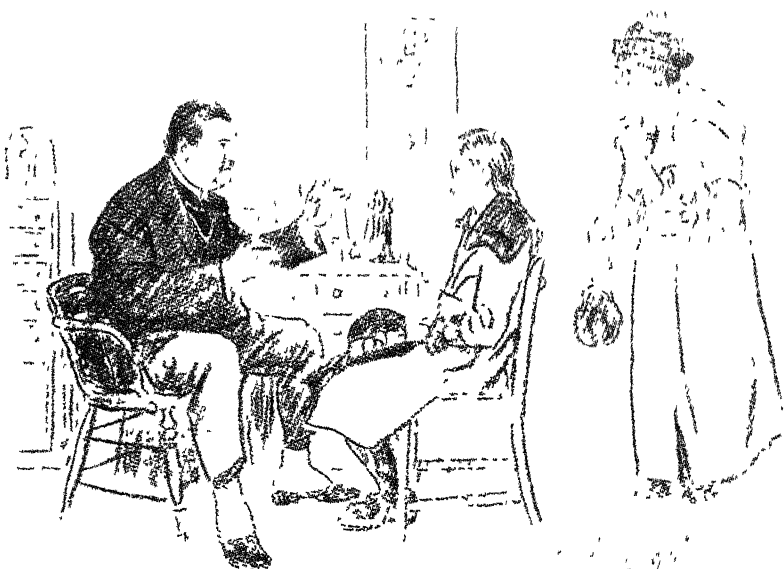




VISITOR (*admiring home-made wireless set*) "It says a lot for your husband's ingenuity"  
WIFE "It *might* if it could say anything "



COOK "Gettin' as fussy about your food as them upstairs, you are "  
MAID "'Tain't that It's because I'm not so afraid to complain "



DOCTOR "Yes, I think she will be all right now with these glasses "  
MOTHER "I should hope so They cost me seventeen shillings, and  
she's the only one in the family as can see through 'em "

all Peter's fault It's the constant wear and tear on the nerves caused by unnecessary noises "

" Any noise ? " she demanded

" Any noise That motor-cycle exhaust, for instance It's tiring, and when the brain is tired one cannot think of bright ideas."

" I see," she said " I'll speak to the police about these motor-cycles Or we'll have some straw laid down. But it was dreadfully quiet in the country this summer—so quiet it nearly made me scream You could hear a sheep cough half a mile away. Did you make five thousand pounds then ? If so, what have you done with it ? "

" That," I explained, " was a holiday. I didn't try to earn any money. But the conditions were ideal, except, of course, for the cocks crowing and the dogs barking and the cows lowing and——"

" Then we must do what we can here," she decided " I will see you have perfect quiet. Don't worry about that You settle down and earn that five hundred pounds Is your watch going ? "



HOSTESS "It was most amusing last night I'd no idea your husband was such a brilliant after-dinner speaker"

VISITOR "Ah, but you've never heard him before breakfast!"

"Yes Why?" I cried irritably.

"I'm stopping the clock Such an annoying tick And I'll take Peter down to the police-station to complain Ah, here he is! The darling! Yes, it's a lovely trumpet, dear, but don't blow it here Daddy is frightfully busy earning five hundred pounds—aren't you, Daddy? And we're going to help by being as still as mice. Hush, darling, don't speak And do walk on your toes Yes, there'll be lots of strawberry ices when Daddy has earned five hundred pounds. Oh no, he hasn't earned it yet But he's going to do it by tea-time. He's only earned about a hundred so far"

"By the way, Daddy," she asked, "who is going to pay you this five hundred pounds?"

I hadn't thought of that. So if this reaches the eye of the learned Professor will he please tell me where I may apply for my share of that million pounds? Barbara wants to know, and she has already drawn five pounds from me on account.

W E. R.



### THE SLIMMING CRAZE

DOCTOR "And do you drink at meals?"

PATIENT "Don't be silly, Doctor! Why, I don't even *eat* at meals."

### An Income-Tax Protest

HENRY ordinarily takes a good deal of flattening out. He is spherical. His outer covering is hard. He has a resilient core (No, he hasn't any mesh markings, and this is not a golf story.)

But on this occasion I found Henry flattened out, and a little piece of paper had done it.

"Six hundred pounds!" groaned Henry. "Twelve thousand shillings!!—er, millions of pence!!"

"Yes, yes," I said, as sympathetically as possible—"but what——?"

"The Income Tax people," explained Henry, waving his hand towards the paper lying on the desk in front of him.

His wife came into his room at that moment.

"Blanche," he cried, "the Income Tax people want six hundred pounds."

"Oh, my poor Henry!" she said falteringly.

"Come," I said, "let us look at the thing dispassionately. If it is wrong,



HER LADYSHIP "So you're my nephew's *fiancée*. Sit down and have a little talk with me, my dear. I've been hearing such a lot about you."

FIANCEE (of the *Frivolity Chorus*) "Oh, but you didn't believe it, I hope?"

then the Attorney-General says you needn't pay it. I saw that bit in the paper myself—quite recently."

"I know these Income Tax people," Henry began. "Leeches, blood-suckers!"

"This won't help you, you know," I remonstrated.

Henry started writing fiercely.

"What are you saying?" we asked.

"Listen," said Henry. "'SIR,—I have received your impossible demand. I have not six hundred pence to meet it with, let alone six hundred pounds. Do your worst. Distrain. Send your police!'"

"Quite the wrong method," I said firmly. "Now let us all help one another to write a polite letter to the Inspector of Taxes. Let us appeal to his better nature. He is probably quite human. Perhaps a father."

"Possibly even a church-goer and a total abstainer," said Henry bitterly. "Well, come on; see what sort of a mess you two can help me to make of it."

Henry is a little ungracious at times.

"First," I said, "you must admit that you did not make a return. You



WIFE (from upstairs) "Surely you haven't come home at this late hour, John?"  
JOHN "What will you bet?"



"I am glad to see you come so regularly to our evening services, Mrs Brown "

"Yus Yer see, me 'usband 'ates me goin' hout of a hevening, so I does it to spite 'im "





WIFE "Tell me what you think of it, James? After all, you've got to pay for it"

JAMES "I leave it to you, my dear After all, you've got to wear it"

were rather pleased about that at the time, I remember, Henry And start 'My dear Sir'"

"'My dear Sir,'" he read out,—"'There is a serious mistake in the enclosed demand I grant that I omitted to make a return—er——'"

"'Our little fair-haired Monica was at the time prostrate in bed with mumps,'" suggested Blanche

"Sob-stuff is worse than useless," I said

"'The Government have been very good to me,'" tried Blanche

"'The Government have been so good to me,'" I corrected, 'that I felt that I could not possibly make an adequate return'" Henry got that down

"'The thought of an income on which a six-hundred pound tax is payable excites my envy Mine barely amounts to four hundred in all,'" he went on

"Is that true, Henry?" I asked sternly

"That or thereabouts," he said

I strongly advised him to over-state his income, if anything, and to avoid round figures. This annoyed him until I had explained it away (Henry is spherical, you remember)

A reminder to him that he should claim allowances for his wife and children led him to write, "I hope you will make allowances for my wife and children", and this nearly led to an angry scene with Blanche

In the end we got the thing into fairly brief compass, thus —

MY DEAR SIR,—There is a serious mistake in the enclosed demand I unfortunately failed to make a return, owing to illness at the time, but I assure you that, so far from my being liable to pay £600 tax, my whole income is not much more than that amount I find that it is £723 7s 2d I believe I am entitled to an allowance for my wife and two children, who are resident with and dependent upon me Yours, etc

There was a short period of suspense, and I was with Henry when the reply came from the Income Tax Inspector

DEAR SIR [he wrote],—You are under a misapprehension as to the nature of the paper sent you It is not a demand-note, but a notice that your income has been assessed at £600 I have no difficulty in accepting



THE WIFE (*peevish at husband going off to football match on the anniversary of their wedding-day*) "'Ave you forgotten what 'appened this day seven years ago?'"

THE HUSBAND "'Forgotten? Not likely, old girl Why, that was the day Bolton Rovers beat Aston United five-nothing'"



"Yes, Mum, I *am* a bit late You see, before I clean you I 'ave to go an' clean a lady right out in the middle of 'Olland Park "

your assurance that your income is £723 7s 2d , and the assessment is being adjusted accordingly. The demand-note will be sent in due course.

The use of the word " adjusted " by the Inspector showed, I thought, great delicacy, but Henry merely blurted out, " I said that you two would make a mess of it "

I have already remarked that Henry is a little ungracious at times.



*Peter Hasey*

"Your 'usband 'as got to look shabby lately "  
"Well, it's really a blessin' in disguise, Mrs Miggs , yer see, it saves me all  
the expense of 'avin' to dress up to 'im "

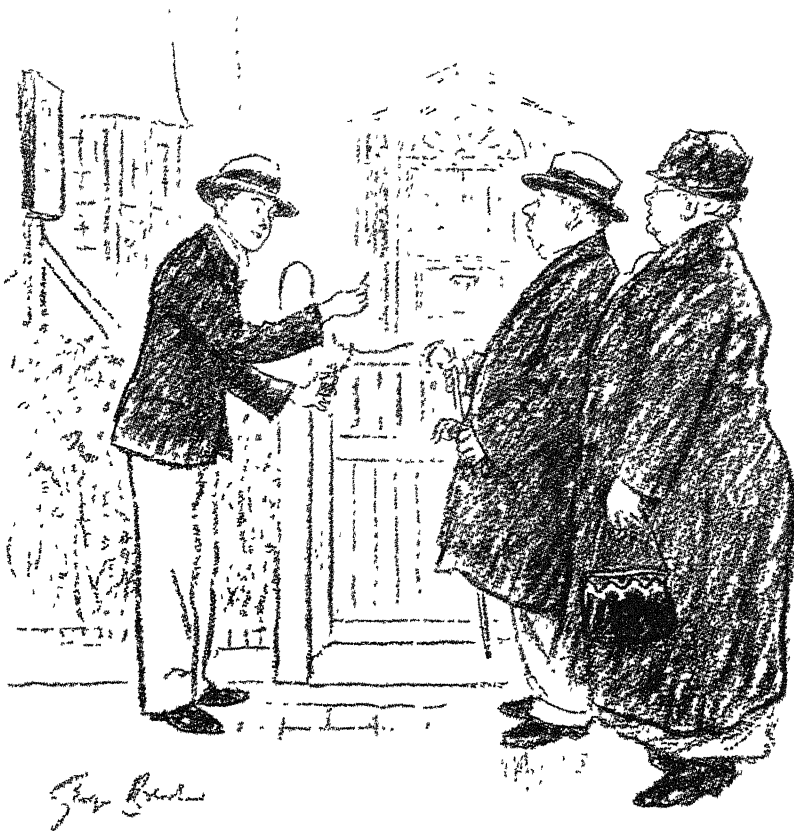


LADY "Whom did you work for last?"  
 CHARLADY "Perhaps you remember that Miss Brown what died  
 mysterious? Well, I done for 'er."

### Henry's Hat

WHEN Henry left his hat behind  
 The night was full of rain,  
 And though no doubt it's not the kind  
 That one would mourn, if sane,  
 Either for ornament or use,  
 On such a night as that  
 One could invent a fair excuse  
 Even for Henry's hat

Perhaps as one would like to think,  
 He had acquired a sort  
 Of blandness from his meat and drink  
 (I know he liked my port),  
 Or left it, with a gentle throb  
 Of pathos, as a gift,  
 And passed, though cold about the nob,  
 All glowing down the lift



ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSE-AGENT'S CLERK "Now this is the sort of place  
that would suit a retired Earl, Sir "

That, and a pleasing thought it is,  
Would show a sterling heart ,  
But my ideas of hats and his  
Are as the poles apart

He may have felt a sudden sting  
Of hate, a new distrust,  
That made him view the shapeless thing  
With loathing and disgust

That would be natural, I grant,  
Though still I fail to see  
Why he should think it well to plant  
The dismal wreck on me

Or are his moral fibres weak ?  
Did he propose to shed  
This dreary relic here, and sneak  
A hat of mine instead,

And, when he set about his plan,  
 Found, to his sore dismay,  
 That I, albeit a simple man,  
 Was not born yesterday

I couldn't say I only know,  
 A week has passed since then  
 And he has not thought fit to show  
 Up in the haunts of men

And, with his noble mind o'erthrown,  
 Balked of his dark design,  
 Forgot to cart away his own  
 Instead of pinching nune ?

And I'd give something if I knew  
 What he was getting at,  
 And what the blazes I'm to do  
 With Henry's mangy hat

DUM-DUM



"Aunt Mary, this is my friend, Mr Spiffkins "

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch the name "

"Mr Spiffkins "

"I'm really very deaf, would you mind repeating it?"

"MR SPIFFKINS "

"I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me just like 'Spiffkins '"



NERVOUS PARTY "Are you sure that lobster's all right?"  
 FISHMONGER (*on his dignity*) "Quite right, Sir If it isn't we shall be here to-morrow"  
 NERVOUS PARTY "Yes—but shall *I* be here to-morrow?"

## Heavy Work

EVERY now and then doctors slap me about and ask me if I was always as thin as this.

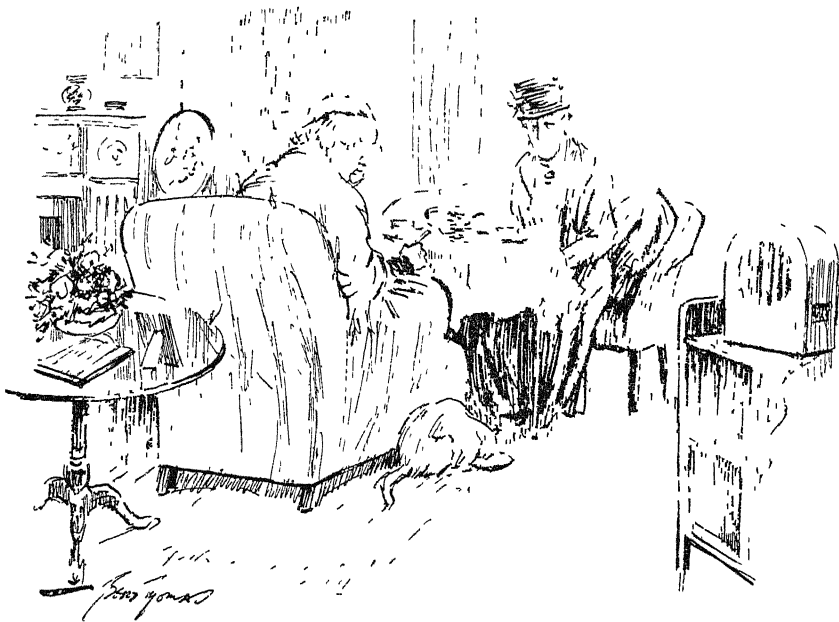
"As thin as what?" I say with as much dignity as is possible to a man who has had his shirt taken away from him

"As thin as this," says the doctor, hooking his stethoscope on to one of my ribs, and then going round to the other side to see how I am getting on there

I am slightly better on the other side, but he runs his pencil up and down me and produces that pleasing noise which small boys get by dragging a stick along railings.

I explain that I was always delicately slender, but that latterly my ribs have been overdoing it





GRANNIE (*discussing the wireless*) "It makes me so nervous when I think of all the different things struggling to get out "

" You must put on more flesh," he says sternly, running his pencil up and down them again (He must have been a great nuisance as a small boy )

" I will," I say fervently, " I will "

Satisfied by my promise, he gives me back my shirt

But it is not only the doctor who complains , Celia is even more upset by it She says tearfully that I remind her of a herring Unfortunately she does not like herrings It is my hope some day to remind her of a turbot and make her happy She too has my promise that I will put on flesh

We had a fortnight's leave a little while ago, which seemed to give me a good opportunity of putting some on So we retired to a house in the country where there is a weighing-machine in the bathroom We felt that the mere sight of this weighing-machine twice daily would stimulate the gaps between my ribs They would realise that they had been brought down there on business

The first morning I weighed myself just before stepping into the water. When I got down to breakfast I told Celia the result.

" You *are* a herring," she said sadly.



WIFE (to Husband struggling with burglar) "I haven't got them yet, they say—hang on for a few minutes!"

"But think what an opportunity it gives me. If I started the right weight, the rest of the fortnight would be practically wasted. By the way, the doctor talks about putting on flesh, but he didn't say how much he wanted. What do you think would be a nice amount?"

"About another stone," said Celia. "You were just a nice size before the War."

"All right. Perhaps I had better tell the weighing-machine. This is a co-operative job, I can't do it all myself."

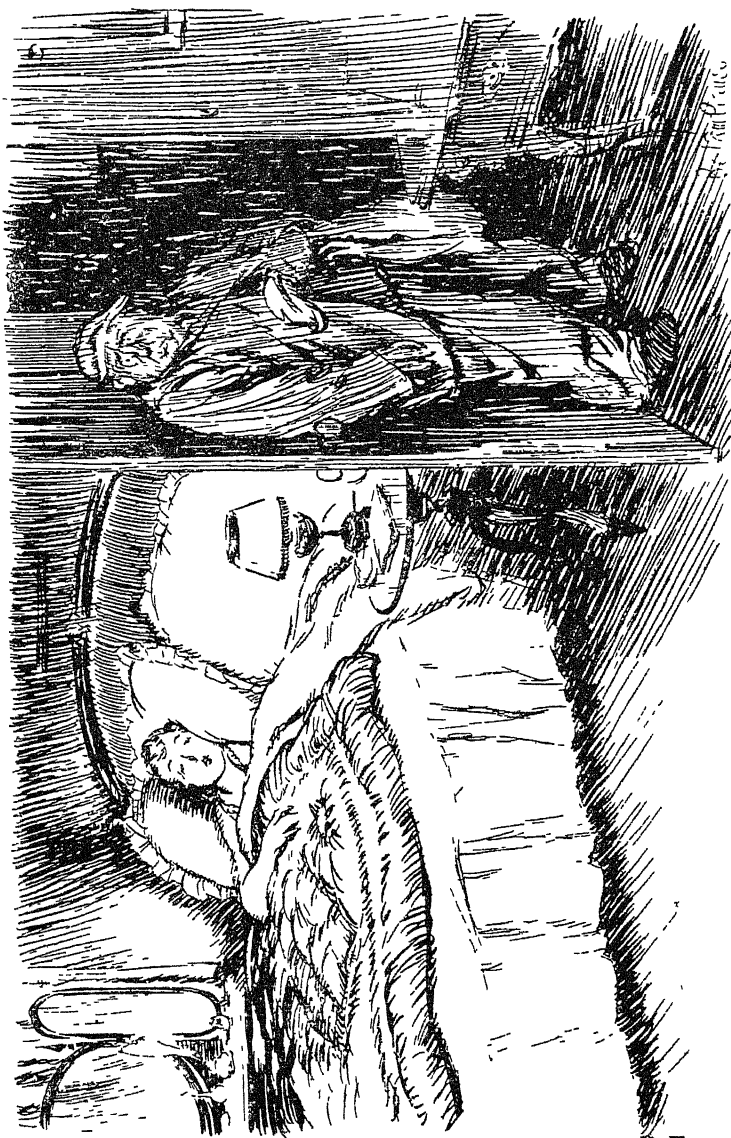
The next morning I was the same as before, and the next, and the next, and the next.

"Really," said Celia pathetically, "we might just as well have gone to a house where there wasn't a weighing-machine at all. I don't believe it's trying. Are you sure you stand on it long enough?"

"Long enough for me. It's a bit cold, you know."



WIFE (*to belated reveller*) "What on earth are you going to do now?"  
HUSBAND "Fill up my income-tax form I feel equal to anything."



WIFE "Is that you, George?"  
BURGLAR (*assuming a cultured voice*) "Y-yes, old gal"



WIFE "Are you wet, dear?"

HUSBAND "No, darling, but my feet are a bit sunburnt."

"Well, make quite sure to-morrow I must have you not quite so herringy"

I made quite sure the next morning I had eight stone and a half on the weight part, and the little thing you move up and down was on the "4" notch, and the bar balanced midway between the top and the bottom To have had a crowd in to see would have been quite unnecessary, the whole machine was shouting eight-stone-eleven as loudly as it could

"I expect it's got used to you," said Celia when I told her the sad state of affairs "It likes eight-stone-eleven people"

"We will give it," I said, "one more chance"

Next morning the weights were as I had left them, and I stepped on without much hope, expecting that the bar would come slowly up to its midway position of rest To my immense delight, however, it never hesitated but went straight up to the top At last I had put on flesh!

Very delicately I moved the thing-you-move-up-and-down on to its next notch Still the bar stayed at the top I had put on at least another ounce of flesh!

I continued to put on more ounces Still the bar remained up! I was eight stone thirteen . . . Good heavens, I was eight stone fourteen!

I pushed the thing-you-move-up-and-down back to the zero position, and exchanged the half-stone weight for a stone one. Excited but a trifle cold, for it was a fresh morning and the upper part of the window was wide open, I went up from nine stone ounce by ounce.

At nine-stone-twelve I jumped off for a moment and shut the window . . .

At eleven-stone-eight I had to get off again in order to attend to the bath, which was in danger of overflowing.

At fifteen-stone-eleven the breakfast gong went.

At nineteen-stone-nine I realised that I had overdone it. However I decided to know the worst. The worst that the machine could tell me was twenty-stone-seven. At twenty-stone-seven I left it.

Celia, who had nearly finished breakfast, looked up eagerly as I came in.

"Well?" she said.

"I am sorry I am late," I apologised, "but I have been putting on flesh."



PLUMBER (*with dignity, as the lady of the house interrupts his work*) "Afore you speaks, Mum, I'll tell you I knows all the jokes concernin' my perfession. I've got all me tools 'ere—I remains till I've located the leakage—I ain't goin' back fer nothin' and I ain't got no mate."

LADY. "But there's nothing the matter here. You've come to the wrong house."



#### RESOLUTION

HUSBAND "Joan's just rung up—wants us to dine there on Thursday "

WIFE "Tell her I'm not eating anything this year."

"Have you really gone up?" she asked excitedly.  
 "Yes" I began mechanically to help myself to porridge, and then  
 stopped "No, perhaps not," I said thoughtfully  
 "Have you gone up much?"  
 "Much," I said "Quite much"  
 "How much? Quick!"  
 "Celia," I said sadly, "I am twenty-stone-seven I may be more, the  
 weighing-machine gave out then"  
 "Oh, but, darling, that's much too much"  
 "Still, it's what we came here for," I pointed out "No, no bacon,  
 thanks, a small piece of dry toast"  
 "I suppose the machine couldn't have made a mistake?"  
 "It seemed very decided about it It didn't hesitate at all"  
 "Just try again after breakfast to make sure"  
 "Perhaps I'd better try now," I said, getting up, "because if I turned out  
 to be only twenty-stone-six I might venture on a little porridge after all I  
 shan't be long"  
 I went upstairs I didn't dare face that weighing-machine in my clothes



A LINOLEUM DRAMA  
 RETURNED REVELLER (to his wife) "Your move, I think, m' dear"





"Johnny says he can't do his home-lessons while you're practising"  
 "Can't do his home-lessons, can't he? Well, you ask him which  
 is more important, his home-lessons or mine?"

after the way in which I had already strained it without them I took them  
 off hurriedly and stepped on To my joy the bar stayed in its downward  
 position I took off an ounce then another ounce The bar remained  
 down

At eighteen-stone-two I jumped off for a moment in order to shut the  
 window, which some careless housemaid had opened again .

At twelve-stone-seven I shouted through the door to Celia that I shouldn't  
 be long, and that I should want the porridge after all .

At four-stone six I said that I had better have an egg or two as well.

At three ounces I stepped off, feeling rather shaken.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have not used the weighing machine since , partly because I do not  
 believe it is altogether trustworthy, partly because I spent the rest of my leave  
 in bed with a severe cold. We are now in London again, where I am putting  
 on flesh At least the doctor who slapped me about yesterday said that I  
 must, and I promised him that I would

A. A. M



"'Ave you any reasons to doubt my word, Maria?" "Yes, I 'ave"  
 "And wot are they, may I ask?" "I don't believe yei "

### What Children Want

"CHILDREN," Barlow has assured me scores of times, "don't want merely to be amused. They don't want perpetual fairy-tales and impossibilities, however politely they may listen to them. What they really enjoy and profit by are simple stories about natural things, tales of animals, for instance—real animals, not creatures of the imagination."

So when Barlow and I, out walking together, saw a squirrel dodging us behind trees and making play with a nut I took careful note of its behaviour, intending to entertain Avice with an account of it. Avice is Barlow's niece, rising five.

That evening, while I sat on a sofa and she sat more or less sedately beside me, I said to her, "Avice, Uncle Andy and I saw a dear little brown squirrel to-day."

"Did it see you?" she asked, interested.

"Oh, yes, it stood looking at me with its bright little——"

"Did it see Uncle Andy too?"

"Yes, and it had a nut in its wee paws."

Avice looked up at me with a far-away expression in her eyes and interrupted again. "You've never seen my elephant," she said

"No But just you hear what this Mr Squirrel did He was the prettiest little fellow you can imagine, and he had a long fluffy tail."

"Had he?" Avice was trying to be polite, I could see "My elephant has a long, long, curly tail and a curly, curly trunk Had your squirrel a trunk?"

"Squirrels don't have trunks, but it had four little brown hands to climb with and to hold nuts with It had beautiful manners when it ate"

"My elephant has four legs and a curly tail and a long trunk to hold its breakfast with And it can climb trees and swim and fly"

"But surely elephants don't fly and climb trees?"

"Mine does Could your squirrel talk? My elephant talks He tells me stories every night, and he purrs when I pat his back. What was your squirrel's name?"

"Well, I don't think it had a name But we could give it one We could call it Brighteyes"



WIFE "You seem upset my dear"

HUSBAND "Just come up in the train with that fellow Tubbard He's always complaining that his wife seems to be growing so old, dashed bad form, I think Couldn't stick it any longer, and told him straight out, I always saw you as you *used* to be, thank God!"





NERVOUS SUITOR "I—er—wish to marry your daughter, Sir!"  
 PARENT "Well, my boy, hadn't you better see her mother first?"  
 NERVOUS SUITOR "I have, Sir, and—er—er—I *still* wish to marry  
 your daughter "

" My elephant's name is Blessim I know, because he told me so It's  
 what Nurse calls Baby, and he liked it, so he took it for himself "

" I see But about this squirrel He suddenly ran off and raced up a  
 tree "

" Did he sing in the tree ? Blessim sings beautifully when the sun shines  
 And he flaps his wings and crows too "

" I'm afraid you're not very interested in my squirrel ? "

" Oh, yes And aren't you interested in my elephant ? "

" Of course I'm tremendously interested in Blessim I'm sure I should  
 love him May I see him ? Will you show him to me ? "

" Oh, I can't do that," said Avise, wriggling violently amongst the cushions

" Why not ? "

" Well, you see, he isn't a really elephant, but just an imageny one "

I shall report this dialogue to Barlow.



WIFE (to visitor) "Perhaps we had better go into the other room to talk. My husband does take telephoning so seriously."



"Don't forget you've got to see the dentist to-day, dear"

### The Oblique Method

"I WANT to engage the next cook myself," I had said to my wife.

"Why?" she asked

"Chiefly," I said, "because I am the only person in the house who minds what is placed on the table. If the food is distasteful I complain of it; you defend it, and we lose our tempers. Now it is perfectly clear that you cannot guard against certain culinary monstrosities when you engage a cook. I can. And coming from a man it will impress her more."

"Why can't I do it?"

"Because you haven't," I said. "You have engaged scores of cooks in your time and everyone does a certain thing which infuriates me."

"Have it your own way," she said.

I meant to.

In course of time the prospective cook was ushered into my study. If I liked her she was to stay.

"Good morning," I said. "There's only one thing I want to discuss with you. Apple tart. Can you cook apple tarts really well?"

She said it was her speciality, her forte.



YOUNG BRIDE "Oh, look, dailing, our *first bills*!"

"Yes, but can you do them as I like them, I wonder "

How did I like them ?

"Well, my idea of an apple tart is that there should be so much lemon in it that it tastes of lemon rather than apple "

"Mine too," she said "I always put a lot of lemon in "

"And," I went on, "wherever the tart doesn't taste of lemon I like it to taste of cloves "

"I was just going to say the same I always put in plenty of cloves."

"In short, the whole duty of a cook who is given an apple to cook is," I said, "to see that every scrap of the divine—of the flavour of the apple is smothered and killed "

She looked at me a little in perplexity

"Isn't it ?" I asked

"Yes," she faltered

"Well," I said, "I've recently been to see my doctor and he says that there are two things I must never touch again, at least in an apple tart . lemon and cloves. Otherwise he can't answer for the consequences Will you help me to avoid them, at home at any rate ? Will you ?"

She was a good woman with a kind heart and she promised

She has kept her promise

Apple tarts in our house are worth eating





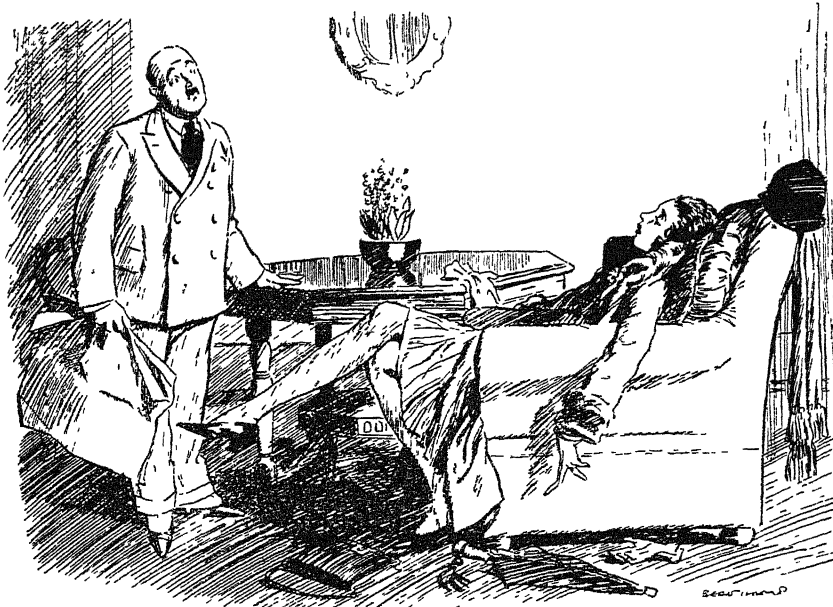
THE HOME-COMING

HUSBAND "Telling lies is *not* one of my failings "  
WIFE. "No, dear, it's one of your few successes "



#### THE WOMAN'S VIEW

HUSBAND "Somewhat outré perhaps after the one I've been wearing"  
WIFE. "My dear man, that's just why you ought to have it—otherwise  
who's to know you've got a new hat?"



FATHER. "What's the matter, Jane?"  
 DAUGHTER "Oh, I've been meeting my young man's people So exhausting!  
 The poor dears did try so hard to be at their best "

### Second Fiddle

MY father was a second son, a  
 penniless cadet ,  
 My mother was his second wife and I her  
 second pet ,  
 Our flat was on the second floor, our  
 wines a second brand ,  
 Our friends were rather second-rate, our  
 fittings second-hand

I missed (it was my second shot, I must  
 have been a fool)  
 The second exhibition at a secondary  
 school ,  
 The green-eyed monster stung me then,  
 but time has drawn his sting ,  
 It's second nature now with me to be the  
 second string

I faced the disappointment and, resolved  
 to persevere,  
 Was second in the second form within  
 my second year ,  
 Of "proximes" and "mentions" I  
 accumulated trucks,  
 But never won a single prize , I wasn't  
 born a dux

At games and sports it was the same , I  
 entered for a race  
 And, when I got my second wind, was  
 sure of second place ,  
 At golf I lost my second ball before the  
 second green ,  
 At cricket, if I stopped the first, the  
 second bowled me clean



MISTRESS "What was all that shouting in the kitchen, Jenkins?"  
JENKINS "Please, Ma'am, it's Betty and me not bein' on speakin' terms with one another"

I fancied second helpings, but, when  
tempted to exceed,  
On second thoughts declined them as I  
knew they disagreed,  
I travelled second-season (there were  
seconds in those days)  
And figured as a second in innumerable  
frays

I wooed a second-cousin, but her mind  
was set on dross,  
She said she might consider me perhaps  
*en secondes noes*,  
And hoped I'd grace her wedding ('twas  
a stony-hearted jest)  
As the lucky bridegroom's best man and  
the sweet bride's second best.



SHE "There you are again Contradict, contriadiet, contradict!  
I believe if I said black was white you'd say it wasn't"

I joined a regiment of the line , a soldier's  
life was grand,  
But, when promotion ceased for me at  
second in command,  
I thought I'd make a second start before  
it was too late,  
So chose the mercantile marine and rose  
to second mate

I'm now in second childhood and my  
second teeth are thin ,  
My second sight is failing and I've grown  
a second chin ,  
It's time I was seconded for a place upon  
the shelf,  
And if someone will propose it I will  
second it myself



"Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy"—

*Wordsworth*

LADY. "Show me some books suitable for this child, please No fiction, but absolute truth, and without absurdly fanciful pictures"

BOOKSELLER (*after thought*) "Well, Madam, I should think this"—(*showing* "Euclid's Elements")—"might meet your requirements"



OUR REVEREND SPOONERIST (*calling at the Deanery*) "Is the Bean dizzy?"



ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR "My new suit has come, Marion, but I can't possibly wear it. The waistcoat is not only short of a button, but of a buttonhole as well."





COOK (to housemaid who has been reading account of Society wedding)  
 "Ah, well, what I always says is—give 'em a good wedding, and then, if things turns out bad, they'll always have *somethin'* to look back on "

## The Speech

"I HAVE finished my speech," said Mr Brook-Wyllie as he entered the dining-room "I wish you'd listen to it Only no nonsense, mind "

"All right," said Jack "Go ahead !"

" 'It is with mingled feelings,' " Mr Brook-Wyllie began, " 'that I rise to my feet to reply to the far too kind and flattering remarks about me ' "

"But, Father," said Agnes, "you haven't heard them yet "

"No, of course not," said her father, "but that's quite a safe opening They're sure to come Hastie's speech is certain to be fairly greasy How could it be otherwise ?"

"Of course," said Jack "Go on, Father "

" 'the too kind and flattering remarks about me,' " Mr Brook-Wyllie continued, " 'which have fallen from the lips of my old friend Mr Hastie, our worshipful mayor ' "

"Oh, Father," said Beryl, "do you really mean to say 'fallen from the lips' ? It's so horribly stilted "

"Well, my dear," said Mr Brook-Wyllie, "it's a regular form of words How would you put it ?"



MISTRESS (*at luncheon*) "Jane, what is the meaning of this costume?"  
 MAID "I'm playin' 'arf-back, mum, in the final this afternoon, an' the kick-off's two-thirty sharp"

"I should say, 'which have been uttered,' or something simple and direct like that," said Beryl

"I don't mind that," said Agnes "What I object to is calling that impossible Mr Hastie your old friend You know you've always barred him"

"My dear, have I? He's a very good fellow at heart"

"Yes," said Jack, "they always are—at heart—that breed"

"My dear children," said Mr Brook-Wyllie, "you are very young When you are my age you will know that you must not be so critical I intend to call Hastie my old friend whatever happens Besides, for all practical purposes he is."

"He did all he could to help in your defeat at the last election," said Jack

"Well, that was a matter of political conviction I can't punish him for that"

"Political grandmother!" said Jack

"Anyway," said Agnes, "you needn't go out of your way to butter him up"

"Well," said her father, "suppose for a minute that I said exactly what I felt, how do you think it would come out? What kind of a figure should I—



MISTRESS "Well, Mary, have you found out what has become of the remainder of the pigeon pie?"

MARY (*returned from voyage of investigation below*) "Please, Mum, Cook says I ate it"

should we all—cut ? I now resume," he added, clearing his throat " ' Since public speaking is not my forte——' By the way, Agnes, is it ' forte,' or ' fort-e' ? I notice people say ' pianofort-e' a good deal "

" I should say ' forte '—one syllable—if I were you," said Agnes

" ' Since public speaking is not my forte, I propose to say only a very few words——' "

" Hear ! Hear ! " said Jack

" ' It has been a very great pleasure to me to hand over to the Corporation this piece of land ' "

" Oh, Father," cried Beryl, " how can you say so ? It wasn't a pleasure You had to do it to keep Redlands "

" Well, my dear, it was a very great pleasure to us all to keep Redlands, so the phrase is all right By handing over the land we had pleasure "

" Yes," said Agnes dubiously, " I suppose that's true "



CALLER "Your 'usband ain't listenin'-in, Mrs Parrish 'E's fast asleep."

MRS P "Yes, 'e sleeps with them things on every night, and nothin' 'll wake 'im till they say, 'Goodnight, everybody,' and close down "



MISTRESS "Whose was that man's voice I heard in the kitchen?"

MAID "Oh—'m—my brother—'m"

MISTRESS "What is his name?"

MAID "Er—I think it's 'Eibert, 'm"

" 'And I hope,' " Mr Brook-Wyllie continued, " 'that it will serve a useful and (may I add ?) delightful purpose in its new career as a Bilmington lung' That's rather good, I think "

" What's good ? " said Beryl coldly

" Why, the word ' lung ' Meaning an open space."

" Why not say ' open space,' then ? "

" My dear child, how could I ? Look at the tameness of it—' as a Bil-mington open space ' "

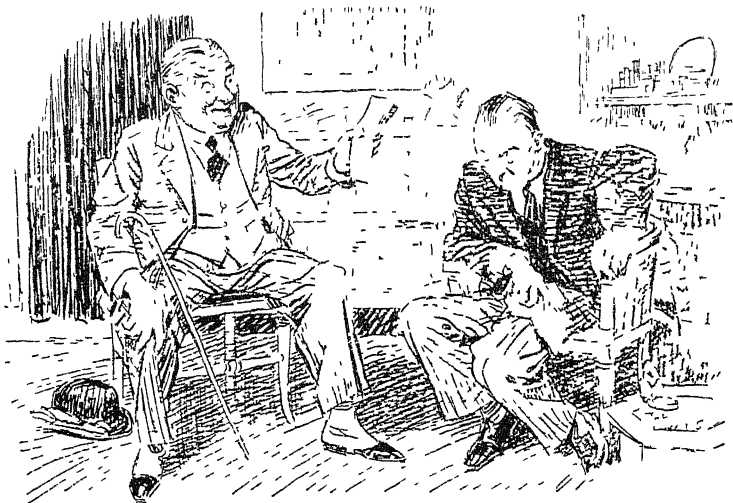
" Quite as good as ' lung,' " said Beryl, " and more decent "

" Decent ! " gasped the orator

" Yes, decent. I consider the employment in rhetoric of the internal organs of the human body a serious blot "

" Human ! " cried Jack " Well, I like that. Why, pigs have lungs "

" One does not think of a pig's lungs," said Beryl. " Pig's trotters, I



INSURANCE REPRESENTATIVE (*brighily*) "Now our company allows you to have any or every one of the illnesses I've read In fact with any ordinary illness our firm will cover you "

grant you, and pig's liver , but never pig's lungs."

" Beryl," said her father, " you are very young When you come to my age you will realise that there are many occasions when an epigrammatic term is more effective than a plain and commonplace one "

" You will also learn," Jack added, " that the lung is never indecent "

" Don't be coarse," said Beryl

" ' A few words,'" Mr Brook-Wyllie went on, " ' may not be inopportune——'"

" ' Out of place,'" suggested Beryl

" ' . . inopportune,'" Mr Brook-Wyllie continued, " ' concerning the history of the aforesaid plot '"

" Oh, Father," cried Agnes, " not ' aforesaid plot ' That's like a lawyer's document "

" But how the dickens," said her father, " is one to refer to it ? I can't say ' lung ' again "

" No, certainly not," said Beryl.

" This part has given me more trouble than all the rest of the thing put together," said Mr Brook-Wyllie " How on earth those writing fellows manage it, I can't think "

" Say ' this piece of ground,' or ' the piece of ground in question,' Father," said Beryl.

"Very well 'Piece of ground' 'It came into the possession of my ancestor Sir Humphry Brook during the Commonwealth, being a grant to him by Oliver Cromwell for services rendered in the Parliamentary cause'"

"Better go slow with that," said Jack "Old Lady Catt will be present, and she's a Jacobite and all the rest of it Sends a wreath to Whitehall every year, don't you know"

"Oh, please don't offend Lady Catt," said Agnes "At least, not till the Pageant is over She offered to put us up all the week, and that will save all kinds of trouble"

"But it is the only interesting part of my speech," said her father

"Never mind, Dad, cut it out," said Agnes "It's much better to speak badly than well People think more of you They're suspicious of fluent speakers Just say you are very much honoured and so on, and sit down"

"I don't think I ought to," said Mr Brook-Wyllie "I've taken a lot of trouble over this speech, and it will be expected of me People will go away disappointed if I don't deliver it, and that won't be fair One must be fair and kind"

"True kindness," said Beryl, "is not to make speeches at all"

"Oh, come, my dear," said her father, "It's not so bad as that Think



OLD GENTLEMAN "I see that in London a man is run over every half-hour"  
OLD LADY "Poor fellow!"



MISTRESS "What would you like for Christmas, Cook?"

COOK "One of them 'goin' away' suit-cases would be handy, Mum "

what we should have missed : Demosthenes and Cicero and Cato and—and—Burke and Gladstone "

" Yes," said Jack, " and Brook-Wyllie Go on, Father, and don't listen to them Only I would skip Oliver Cromwell if I were you "

" Very well," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie " Then I'll go back to the study and cut out Oliver Cromwell , but I'm sure it will disappoint them horribly. If you young people were only a little older, you'd know "

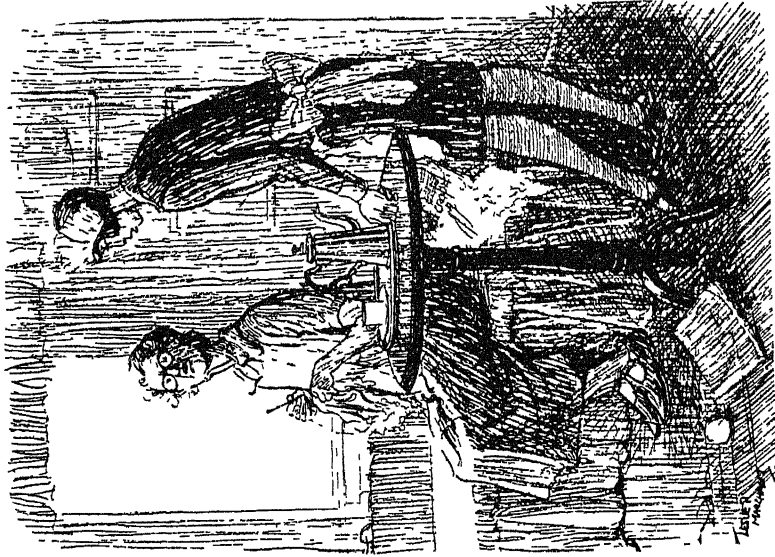




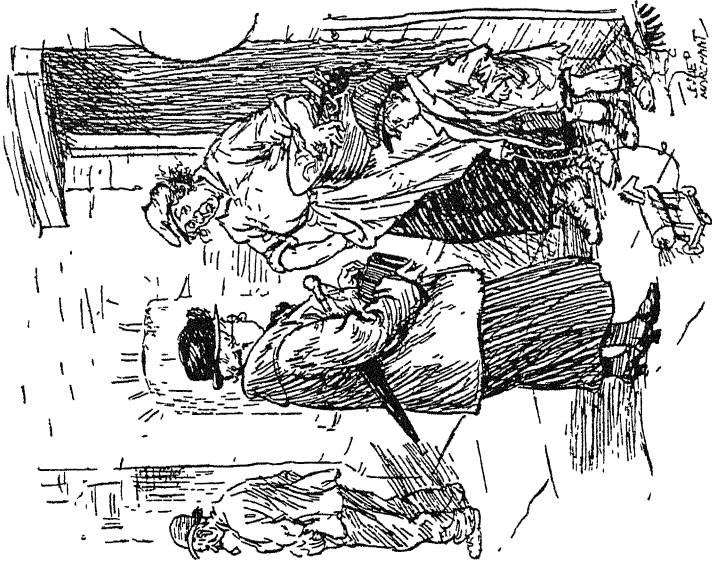
LADY CANVASSER "I've called to ask you to give us something for the  
O P Q S The——"

OLD GENTLEMAN "My dear lady, I already give away one-tenth of my  
income"

LADY CANVASSER. "Oh, just this year, couldn't you make it an eleventh?"



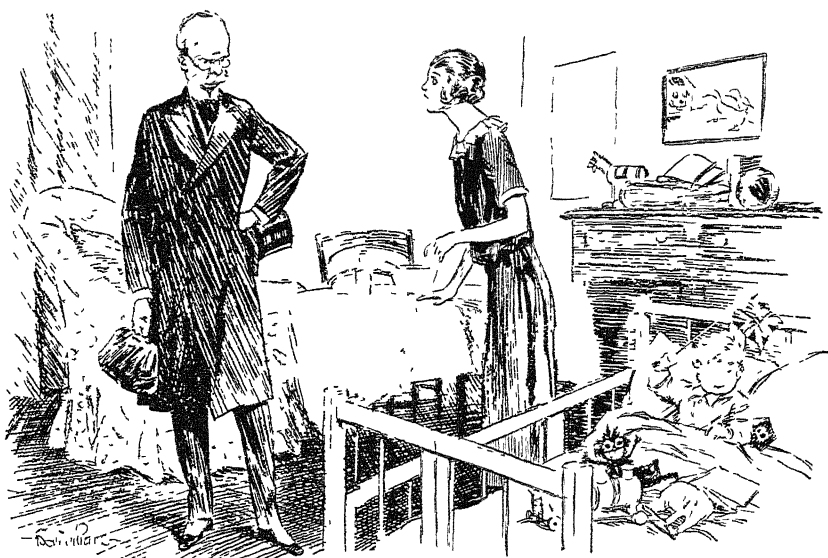
SEVERE MISTRESS "Understand, Mary, I won't have any followers "  
 MAID "I can quite understand that, Mum "



MRS MUDGETT (concluding story of her life to social worker) "Yes, Mum, in these days you've got to work 'ard for a 'usband—both before and after "



LADY "Can you show me something suitable for a birthday present for a gentleman?"  
SHOPWALKER "Men's furnishing department on the next floor, Madam."  
LADY "Well, I don't know. The gift is for my husband."  
SHOPWALKER "Oh, pardon, Madam. Bargain counter in the basement."



DOCTOR "That bottle of medicine I gave you for baby all gone? Impossible! I told you to give him just a teaspoonful every four hours "

YOUNG MOTHER "Yes—but my husband and I and Nurse have each to take a teaspoonful too, so as to induce baby to swallow it "

### Bon Voyage !

PEGGY'S greatest friend has just sailed for Canada. She will return, I gather, in time for the summer sales.

I persuaded Peggy not to go to Liverpool on the boat-train, but to say good-bye at Euston. I know those boat-trains—travellers with strained faces trying to remember where they put their keys and their friends with equally strained faces trying to say something worthy of a boat-train.

We saw the train steam out and then I piloted Peggy to a taxi.

"Tell him to stop at the top of Regent Street," she said sadly. "I want to buy some saucepans."

"Wouldn't Oxford Street have been better for the saucepans?" I asked doubtfully.

"I'm too miserable to talk," said Peggy reproachfully. "What does it matter *where* we buy the saucepans? Where will Mary be *now*?"

"About Willesden," I said.



OLD-FASHIONED LADY "No, I never listen-in on Sundays I should hate to think I was causing extra work "

" And then that *dreadful* journey to Canada !" moaned Peggy " I can't bear to think of Mary in the ice-fields "

" But all the liners go by the southern route in the winter," I reminded her , " round by the Gulf Stream, you know "

" However much they dip on the way," said Peggy firmly, " they have to come up among the ice and snow when they *get* to Canada "

I couldn't think of anything to say to this, and there was silence for a minute Then the taxi stopped and we got out

" Python shoes," said Peggy with mournful interest, looking into a shop-window. " I have read about them in the paper. Perhaps we ought to *look* at them, though I can't *enjoy* them "

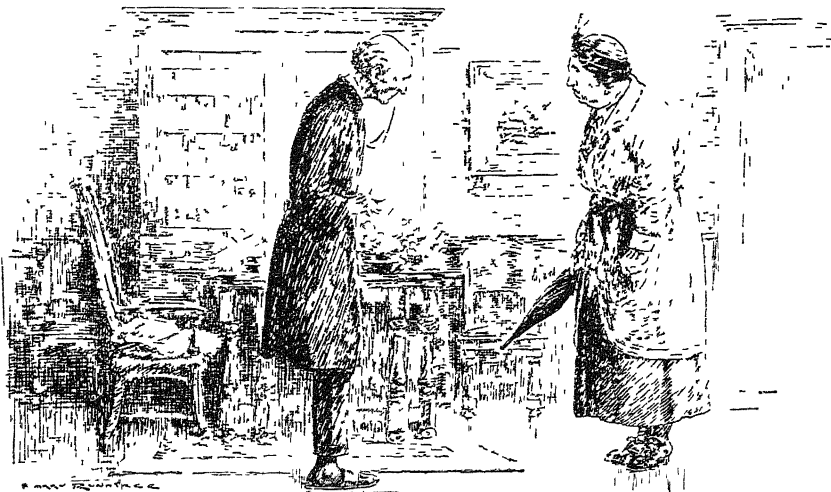
We looked at the python shoes displayed on Peggy's feet " They're very economical really," she said , " they go with everything I wish I had brought Mary here yesterday "

" Buy two pairs," I said hastily. " And what about these alligator brogues ? Wouldn't *they* go with anything ? "

Peggy gave a sad little smile and the saleswoman whipped off the python shoes and had the alligator brogues on in no time

We bought a pair

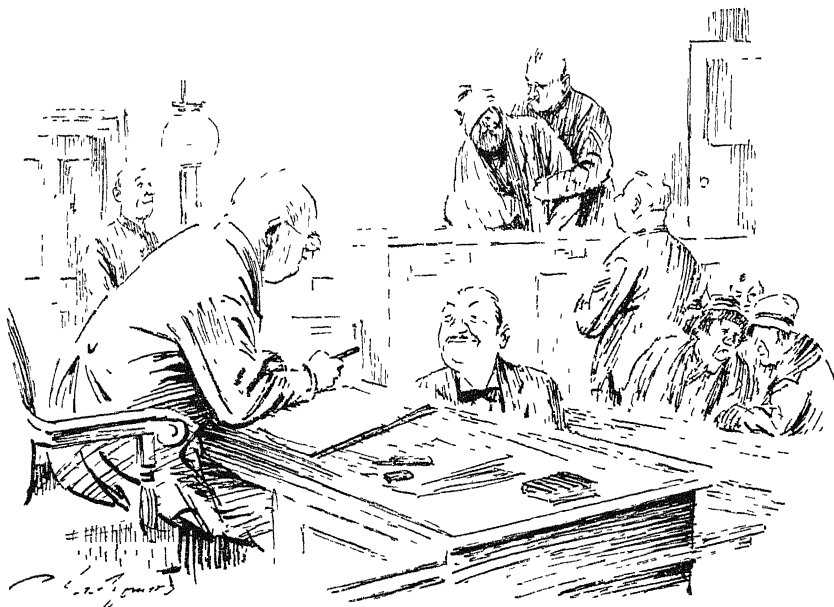
" I can't take any *real* interest in them," said Peggy as we left the shop,



"Do you remember marryin' me to Albert Binks, bachelor, of this parish, Sir?"  
 "Yes, I—rather think I do—er—Mrs —er—Binks "  
 "Well, wot are we goin' to do about it? 'E's escaped "



MURIEL. "Before I consent to marry you, Archie, I must ask you one thing.  
 Do you—er—drink anything?"  
 ARCHIE (*proudly*). "Anything "



MAGISTRATE "What's the charge?"  
CLERK "Attempted wife-beating"

"but when I *do* feel better it will be interesting to see if they *do* go with everything. But of course to-day all my thoughts are with Mary. Perhaps she will be very very ill."

"Perhaps she won't," I said practically. "Anyway, you may be quite sure she will have a good stewardess to look after her—a splendid Scots-woman, called Janet McDougall, I expect—who will just wait on her hand and foot, and hardly let her out of her sight."

Peggy brightened up.

"If you really think so," she said, almost happily, "we might just look at those metal brocades."

We looked at the metal brocades, and Peggy bought heaps of them. I suppose they too went with everything, at least I can't imagine anything daring to say they didn't, so they were, of course, absurdly cheap. Then we bought a purse-bag, and a few things that we *knew* went with it, just to start it, as it were.

I was looking round for a taxi when Peggy touched my arm.

"There's a demonstration of artificial sunlight lamps in here," she said, "and it would be nice just to see them. I think it would cheer me up."



CLIENT "My wife and I got on splendidly for five years "  
 SOLICITOR "Ah! What happened then?"  
 CLIENT "She came back "

We joined half-a-dozen people who were listening to a fluent young man explaining the virtues of artificial sunlight

"I think it would fade that hat I bought in the sales to just the right shade," whispered Peggy, "besides, of course, being so good for us"

"Real sunlight is better still," I said firmly "Come along, Peggy"

Peggy turned to me with a radiant smile

"You mean Cannes?" she said breathlessly "Oh, you dear!"

The fluent young man was standing by my side now

"How much is the thing?" I asked hastily

"Only nineteen guineas," he said. Then confidentially, "You'd be surprised how many I sell in that way, Sir So many ladies look at it like that," he added cryptically

I wrote the cheque and gave the address

"If Mary weren't getting farther and farther away every minute I should be quite excited about the lamp," said Peggy pathetically

As I followed her out of the shop I heard a woman's voice saying "Egypt Oh, Fred, it has been my dream!"

I glanced back and saw Fred taking a fountain-pen out of his pocket . . . As the taxi neared the top of Bond Street Peggy clutched me.





"But didn't you find it very expensive having your daughter at college?"  
 "Yes—but nothing like having her in London supporting herself "

"The saucepans," she said dramatically

"We'll wait for the new Spring shapes to come out," I said decidedly  
 Shopping with Peggy has taught me quite a lot

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day brought Peggy a letter from Mary, posted by the pilot  
 She handed it to me with a startled look

"Read that," she said

"You ought to be able to get the collar out of three-quarters of a yard,"  
 I read. "I have the very *dearest* stewardess Her name is Miss McDougall,  
 and she fusses over me like anything "

I handed the letter back to Peggy, who was reviving a pink hyacinth  
 with the artificial sunlight lamp, while an Eastern rug and a hat, both sale  
 bargains, waited their turn

"All the same," I said, "I wish we'd gone with her to Liverpool It  
 would have saved us so much."

"Anxiety about her," said Peggy softly "You're *such* a dear! I'll  
 tell Mary when I write."



HUSBAND. "I do wish, Althea, that ye'd stop living beyond our means to impress the Smythes, simply because *they're* living beyond *their* means to impress *us*."



DAUGHTER (*who has just introduced the male of her choice to her father*) "Now you've seen him, Daddy darling, isn't he just too *everything* for anything?"

FATHER (*who has not been impressed*) "Couldn't have put it better myself, me dear."



"Now, General, take my advice and wish it away "

### "Small Ads."

"WHERE do you get servants from ?" I asked

"From small ads," said Phyllis promptly.

I picked up the paper from the floor where I had thrown it in the morning. My wife is one of those rare women who always leave things where you put them. It is this trait that endears her to me. I ran my trained eye over an ad column

"Got it at once," I said with pardonable pride. "How's this ?—'General (genuine), stand any test trd £70 possess s hands yrs. s a v'"

"I like genuine people," said Phyllis thoughtfully. "And under the circumstances"—(here she looked hard at me, as if I were a circumstance)—"under the circumstances I think we ought to have one that will stand any test. Seventy pounds is out of the question, of course, but she might come for less when she sees how small we are. What does 's hands yrs' stand for ?"

"I don't know," I said, "I can only think of 'soft hands for years.'"

"I should like her," said Phyllis. "Their hands are the one thing against generals. She must be a nice girl to take such care of them. Think how careful she'd be with the china. What's 'trd' ?"



"This seems a very old grate, Miss "

"Yes, Mary, it is It's Adam's "

"Fancy! It couldn't be much older than that, could it?"

"I'm afraid it must mean tired," I said

"Oh, she'd soon get rested here," said Phyllis, "I don't think that need be against her. She's probably been in a hard place lately. Are there any more?"

"Plenty," I said "How does this one strike you?—'General, no bacon possess 2 rms £45 wky s a v'"

"I like that one," said Phyllis "She must be an awfully unselfish girl to go without bacon I don't see how we are going to spare two rooms, though, unless she's willing to count the kitchen as one. Forty-five pounds a week must be a printer's error But we can easily afford forty-five pounds a year."

"It may mean that she's 'weakly,'" I suggested

"That wouldn't matter much," said Phyllis, "and I like her the better for being honest about it"

"'Wky.' *might* stand for 'whisky,'" I hinted darkly.

Phyllis blanched "Then she's no good," she said, "I simply couldn't stand one that drinks What's the next one like?"

I read on "Domestic oil no risk 6 dys trd s. hands 10 yrs s a v."

"I wonder whether that means that she *can* cook on an oil-stove or that she *can't* cook on any other kind? And does the 'no risk' refer to her or the stove? It's not very clear I don't think we'll take up this one's references Besides I shouldn't like one that was tired for six days"

"Out of every seven," I added, "and the seventh day would be the Sabbath, and her day off"

"Go on to the next," said Phyllis firmly

The next one merely said "General Kilburn tkg. £40 1 rm s a v"

"It would be nice to have a taking sort of girl," I thought (unfortunately aloud)

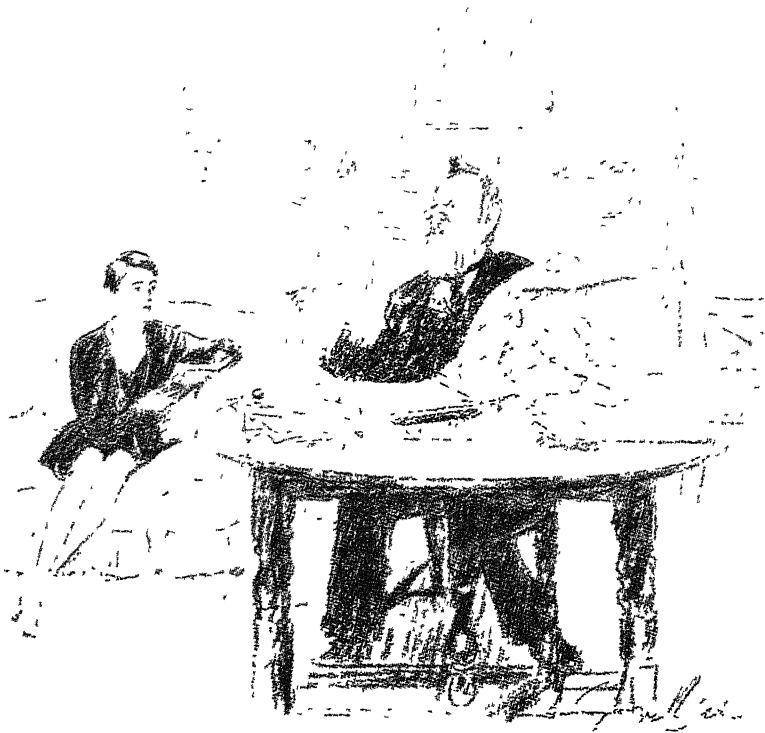
"We won't think of her, the hussy!" said Phyllis "Pass me the paper, please"

"They all seem to want 's a v,'" she said "What do you suppose it means? I wish they wouldn't use so many abbreviations 'S a' stands for Sunday afternoon, of course, but I can't think what the 'v' is for. Of course



MISTRESS "I don't know what your master will say, Jane—his favourite vase."

JANE "Oh, Mum, I would have willingly broken everything else"



"What's the date, my dear?"

"I don't know, Grandpapa, but you've got a newspaper there "

"That's no good—it's yesterday's "

we'll give them Sunday afternoons free, if that's what it means I only wonder they don't want an evening off in the week as well I call them most reasonable And there are so many to choose from I always understood from mother that they're so hard to get "

Then she turned the paper over

" Oh, you are stupid!" she said. " You've been looking at the ' Shops and Businesses for Sale ' column."

" So've you," I snapped



MISTRESS "Fancy, Mrs Miggs, my husband retires to-morrow after forty years in business"

CHARLADY "Will you be requiring me any more then, Mum?"

And then I regret to say we had our first quarrel

I told Phyllis firmly that she is not at all tkg , nor would she stand any test , that no one could engage her, much less marry her, without taking risks , that she hadn't had s hands for yrs , that *she* wouldn't go without her bacon for anyone, and that I should be jolly thankful if she would take every blessed s a v

I admit that Phyllis was more dignified. She merely sailed out of the room, remarking that I made her trd.





SUITOR (*having been accepted*). "Now that we are engaged, darling, you must share my first secret. I'm broke."



PESSIMIST. "My dear, things in the City are just as bad as they can be"  
WIFE "In that case, Willie, wouldn't it be wise of me to buy that new dress before they get any worse?"



THE POSTMAN'S WEDDING



HE "If you hadn't been so long dressing we shouldn't have missed this train."

SHE. "And if you hadn't hurried me so we shouldn't have so long to wait for the next."



SAILOR (*just home from "Empire cruise"*) "Sorry, old girl, I tried 'ard to get you a monkey, but I 'ad no luck"

FOND WIFE "Oh, it don't matter, dear—I 'ave you."



EXCEPTIONALLY HONEST MAN (seeing nephew off to school) "I don't wish I were you. You're *not* a lucky young beggar going off to school, and I should just *loathe* having my own school-days over again."

### Hot Water

"MARION," I said at breakfast, "without in any way wishing to carp, or even to cark, at your domestic arrangements, why in the name of Heaven is the bath-water never hot in the mornings?"

"Because the fire has not been alight all night," said Marion curtly "Next, please."

"Oh! Well, it's very annoying."

"My dear man, what can you expect? If you want hot baths why on earth don't you have them at a reasonable time?"

"And what are you pleased to consider a reasonable time?" I asked with dignity.

"10 P.M.," said Marion.

At 10 P.M. that night I had a very tepid bath.

"It's your own fault," said Marion in reply to my remonstrances, which, unlike the water, were extremely heated. "Cook let the fire out after lunch. We were dining at the Club. If you want a bath you must say so beforehand when we're dining out."

The next day I took no chances.



FIRST LADY (*in village shop*) "Would you mind if I made my small purchase first? We have a horse outside and he won't keep quiet"

SECOND LADY "Certainly, but you won't be very long, will you? I have a husband outside and he's rather restive too"

"Marion," I said carefully at lunch, "at 10 P M this evening I intend to lave myself in artificially heated water"

"I know," said Marion excitedly "You want a hot bath Do I get anything for guessing it right?"

"You don't But I do, I hope"

"You?" she said disappointedly "What?"

"A hot bath," I replied hastily, and retired in good order

At 10 P M that night I had a very, very tepid bath.

"Yes, I'm beginning to get the drift of it," said Marion, when I had finished telling her about it "You mean the water wasn't hot, don't you?"

"And why not?" I demanded excitedly "I warned you at lunch I told Cook myself as well, to be on the safe side And still it wasn't hot Why not?"

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Marion thoughtfully

"Funny? Your sense of humour is singularly perverted I wonder if I could brighten up your evenings with a few custard pies Tar's pretty good too when it's fallen into backwards Ha, ha!"

"He's being sarcastic," Marion confided to her hairbrush. "You can



"How sharper than a thankless snake it is  
To have a toothless child!"  
"King Lear," Act I, Scene iv. (or very nearly)



always tell, because his nose crinkles and he clucks Well, I suppose it must be the flues I always did say that Cook never cleans them properly "

" I will clean the flues myself to-morrow," I said grimly

" You *are* keen on getting clean all of a sudden," said Marion admiringly " I wonder if you can be sickening for anything "

I did clean the flues It is an uninteresting job, also a dirty and a laborious one I further took the opportunity of telling Cook that I wanted a particularly hot bath that night

I had to go out to a meeting in the evening and did not get home till nearly eleven At exactly five minutes past that hour I stepped mournfully into the most tepid bath I have ever had

" M'm ! " said Marion thoughtfully a quarter of an hour later " I was afraid something like this would happen But I wasn't sure you wanted a bath so late—at least not *absolutely* sure , and it seemed a pity to waste all that lovely hot water "

" You mean ? " I prompted sternly

" Oh, yes, I had it myself Did you have a good meeting, darling ? "

The next night I took no chances At two o'clock in the afternoon I locked the bathroom door , and from that hour I personally stoked the kitchen fire till the flames flowed half-way up the chimney When Cook objected I gave her the rest of the day off

At ten I went triumphantly upstairs to my hot bath At five minutes past ten the boiler burst

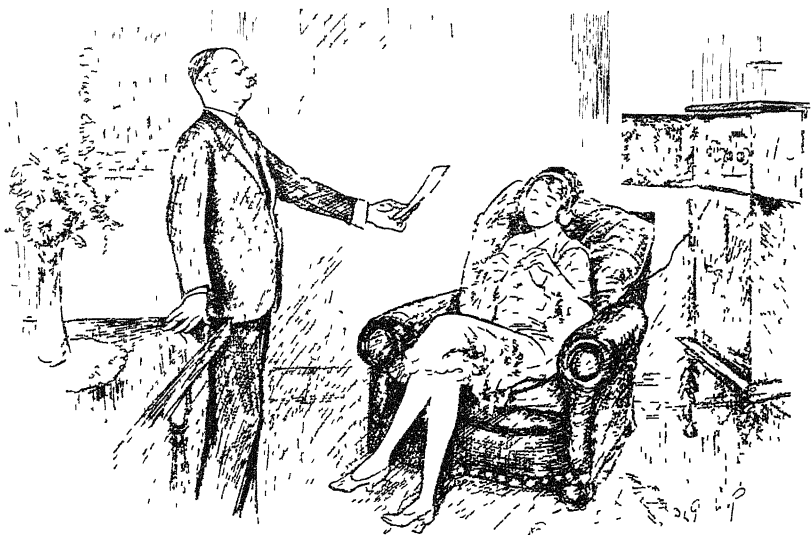
I am still waiting for a hot bath



CALLER (to hostess as children enter) "There's quite a vogue for children these days, don't you think?"



DEPARTING COOK "You may be a viscountess but you ain't a lady "



POMPOUS HUSBAND "My dear, I want you to hear what I've written to the Editor of the 'County Herald' about the scandalous policy of his paper "  
WIFE "Go on, dear, I'm listening "



GUSHER "Ah, how do you do, Mr Binks? And is this your most charming fiancée?"  
BINKS (*with dignity*) "This is my *only* fiancée "

## Culinary Calculations

"THE Master and Mr Peter will be at home to luncheon, as well as Miss Jill and myself"

("Four to lunch," says Cook)

VOICES OFF (*above-stairs*) Peter, you must stay and talk to your father

It's no good, mother, I can't face him this morning I'm not arguing with him One can't help love I'm going out

("Three for lunch," says Cook "Only twelve potatoes under the joint, Lizzie, they're too dear to waste")

VOICES OFF Where are you going to, Sir? I thought I sent word that I wished to speak to you You will remain here until I have said what I have to say

("Four for lunch," says Cook "Stick another three spuds in, Lizzie Anyhow, *you'll* eat 'em if the worst happens")

VOICES OFF If you leave this house now, Sir, you leave it for ever

If Peter goes, I go too I understand my son better than you've ever understood him We'll both go now

("Two for lunch," says Cook "Don't open that tin of fruit, Lizzie, they can have the cranberries and cream")

VOICE OFF Nonsense! Can't walk out like this! Sheer melodrama For God's sake stop crying . Never seen the girl, but I consider her father's a bounder

("Half-a-mo'," says Cook "Don't be so heavy with that mint-sauce; I don't know where we are")

VOICES OFF Her father's a man of unimpeccable .

I say he's a bounder

And I refuse to argue Coming, Mother?

("Two it is," says Cook)

VOICES OFF Daddy, don't be absurd, she's one of the nicest girls——

Don't you dare to interfere, Miss If your brother's a fool——

Keep out of this, Jill, old girl

I won't! If you go, I'll go!

("Oh, lor'," says Cook, "Miss Jill's off now That leaves the old man, and *he* won't eat anything")

VOICE OFF There, there, Jill, don't cry One woman's enough Look here, come into my room all of you——

("Hold on," says Cook, "they're comin' together again Shows their sense No good tryin' to run other people's—— Here, don't be so free with that custard, this is a crisis . . S-s-sh!")

VOICE OFF (*telephone*) That you, darling? I say, you're invited to lunch in the bosom of the family I'm nipping round right away to get you. Cheers! By the way, mother sends her love and says she doesn't know what you'll get to eat



PROSPECTIVE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE "Is Mr Perkins in?"  
 MRS PERKINS "'E's in, but 'e's 'aving 'is dinner"  
 CANDIDATE "Ah, well, we'd better not disturb him, then "  
 MRS PERKINS "You never spoke a truer word "

(" Don't know what she'll get to eat!" says Cook " Like their blinkin' cheek! What do they think *I*'m here for? *Five* to lunch Open that tin of sparrergrass, Lizzie, and let's have a cup of tea. I've earned it if anyone has!")



MOTHER OF APPLICANT "I'm sure you'll never regret it, Mum, if you engage 'er She's most willing, and you'll find 'er scrubulously clean "

### Modus Operandi

"DEAR," said Olive, " will you just run out and post this letter for me ?" And this at half-past nine in the evening, when I supposed I had settled in comfortably for good !

Our flat is up four flights of stairs and the pillar-box is just round the corner to the right, but to reach it it is necessary first to go down the four flights of stairs Life is very hard

" I will go downstairs," I said, forcing myself to be cheerful, " I will

go round the corner to the right, and I will slip the letter into the slit provided for the purpose" I illustrated this by a gesture "But first I will put on my hat"

"Goodness gracious," said Olive, there being no such thing as gratitude, "whatever do you want to put on a hat for?"

"And also," I said, forgiving her, "I will put on an overcoat"

Olive, to be sure of making her coming sarcasm heard, followed me out into the hall As she was there, I thought she might as well be used, so I compelled her to put the letter down on the hat-stand and to help me on with the coat "Will you not also take a packet of sandwiches," she asked, "in

case?" With that she hurried back into the drawing-room to avoid a possible back answer, and slammed the door

"To show that I am undefeated," I said to myself, "I also will slam a door," and I was glad to hear that a front door can express even more indignation than a drawing-room door "And now," I added jocosely, "I will take steps"

At the bottom of the first flight, "I will run down the next to keep my legs warm," I said, at the bottom of the second flight, "I will put my hands in my pockets to keep them warm", at the bottom of the third, "I will turn up my collar to keep my neck warm", at the bottom of the fourth, "I will now cease running so as to avoid the suspicion of the policeman at the corner"

At the corner the policeman said "Good night, Sir," and I still felt warm all over "This is splendid," I said, "I will now go direct to the pillar-box"

Arrived there, I contemplated the important slit and a last bright idea occurred to me "And now," I said, "I will go back and fetch the letter"



"Tell James to bring round the big car"

"I'm afraid Miss Joan has taken it out, Sir"

"How about the seven?"

"Master Ronald has got it out, Sir, and Master Eric has gone off on your bicycle."

"Then if nobody is wearing my boots bring those"



"You're sure the 2 15 will stop long enough for Auntie to get in?"





PROUD FATHER "The man who marries my daughter, Sir, wins a prize "  
YOUNG MAN. "By Jove! that's a great idea Is it a money prize or just  
a silver cup?"

## Boswell and Divorce

IT was rumoured in the town that Mr Beauclerk and Lady Diana were seeking in the Courts a dissolution of the conjugal knot. The respectable people of their acquaintance were much agitated, and there was among them keen discussion of the principles of marriage and divorce, everybody speaking in general terms, but in such a way as to indicate the particular nature of their aversions.

Divorce was specially the topick of the hour, and, though all were eager to hear Dr Johnson's pronouncement or *verdict*, none dared to broach the question in his presence for fear of receiving a personal chastisement delivered in long and weighty periods. But on Friday I found him at the "Lamb and Flag" with a small company, including Mr Murphy, Mr Bennet Langton, Mr Thrale, Mr Baretta and Dr Goldsmith, and resolved to take the bold step



BOSWELL Sir, I have a friend who is much harassed by the infidelities of her husband. She has a mind to claim a divorce, but has certain doubts which she prays me to resolve. Pray, what should I advise her?

JOHNSON (*to the company*) Ho, ho! Here is Bozzy as the confidant and counsellor of ladies of fashion. He is already a man about town and a contributor to "The Gentleman's Magazine." Now he is assuming the functions of a priest. There was a versatile cobbler in Lichfield who prescribed for horses, but I never thought to seek his counsel on right living.

GOLDSMITH. Nay, Sir, the matter lies not wholly with the priest. When a man agrees ill with his wife, he cannot call upon the priest to mend the rift.

JOHNSON No, Sir. Nor may he call upon the judge to dissolve the marriage. If the cause is himself, it is upon himself that the mending must fall.

MURPHY Sir, the teaching of my Church is plain.

JOHNSON. Ay, Sir, when a man's married he is married, and there's an

MACBULL "I shall be a gay grass widower for the next two months—wife's gone for a holiday to the West Indies."

O'BEAR "Jamaica?"

MACBULL "No, it was her own idea."



#### REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE

"You mustn't always be worrying yourself about me, darling, and thinking where you can take me Why don't you join some more clubs?"

end on't I am at one with the Papists on the general question, but I don't go to extremes

GOLDSMITH The point remains, Sir, that there is a civil contract as well as a religious A man is compelled to maintain his wife and the wife is obliged to wait upon the husband

JOHNSON But, Sir, that is provision for the exceptional cases Depend upon it, the ordinary man is not fretted by the duty of maintaining his wife, nor is the wife irked by ministering to the husband

LANGTON How true, Sir! And then there are the dear children They cement the fabrick of the home

JOHNSON Don't let us have Lanky bring in the children, or we shall be saturated in a morass of tears, or he will be telling what reply little Richard gave to the journeyman tailor

GOLDSMITH Sir, if the parties be well-disposed to each other there is no talk of duties and rights, but the duties and the rights exist

JOHNSON Here, Sir, you are come again to the same point, like a turnspit dog We legislate upon robbery and murder, but we do not consider life as based upon these extravagances

GOLDSMITH. There is he, twisting and turning like a coursed hare!

JOHNSON. Goldy, though you give me hare for dog I won't be ill-humoured with you I am in frolick mood to-day Although your argument was empty I was at pains not to ignore it

BOSWELL But, Sir, let us take the case of ill-adapted persons Suppose a man has chosen his mate ill, either seduced by superficial charms or deceived by an appearance of virtue ?

JOHNSON Then, Sir, he must pay for his mistake That is the general principle which covers all foolish acts, hasty marriages among them.

Now I pursued this subject with some warmth, for my own history has taught me the perils of the path of matrimony To begin with, I had extreme difficulty in choosing among four separate charmers, and, though I am deeply attached to my wife, I have often considered in moments of dejection whether I might not have been as unhappy with any of the others

BOSWELL Yet, Sir, the man and the woman may both suffer and the world offers them no remedy



#### REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE

JOBGING GARDENER (*putting in half-a-day's work*) "Tell your Missus I've finished mowin' the lawn and weedin' the beds, and I've cut the 'edge, and there's still twenty minutes owin' her Would she like me to clean the car or something?"



CLERGYMAN "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?"  
BRIDE (*grimly*). "He will "



PRIM MAIDEN LADY (*in quiet town*). "Why do you wish to leave? Are you not comfortable here?"

GENERAL "Well, it's all right for you, you've sold your wild oaks, as the sayin' is; but I've still got the world before me and there ain't enough of it 'ere "



BRICKLAYER'S WIFE (*to impatient husband*) "For goodness' sake put it down! It isn't a brick"

JOHNSON No, Sir, it offers them a choice If they prefer, they may refrain from matrimony and live in sin In so doing they will incur the displeasure of society and the pangs of conscience They know beforehand what the consequences will be Similarly, in matrimony they are aware of the duties and restraints which married life involves

BOSWELL But, Sir, they may not clearly perceive to what future they are committed, being hoodwinked by passion——

JOHNSON Or by greed, Sir, or by concupiscence, or by strong liquors In entering upon marriage as upon all other contracts the judgment may be clouded by a variety of circumstances, but the responsibility continues to dwell with the contracting party

THRALE So, Sir, you regard marriage as on all fours with trade ?

JOHNSON Yes, Sir, with the addition of the sacramental element

GOLDSMITH. Ah, there you are ! Thrale is to brew beer with the single omission of the hops

JOHNSON. Nay, Sir, don't tease me with your buzzing You are less stupid than you affect to be We were speaking of the civil contract The religious contract runs by its side but is distinct

BARETTI Then Mr Thrale, Sir, should have two contracts in his brewing ?

JOHNSON. Yes, Sir, were he not a Christian but a follower of Bacchus. There is a mystery in fermentation and in the effects of fermented wine. If Thrale became a pervert, he would know (*looking at me*) where to find his satyrs and his bacchanales

At this point there was a prospect of the talk losing its direction and becoming diverted to wine and myself. So I hastened to draw the coach of discussion back to the highway.

BOSWELL And the lady, Sir—what advice am I to offer to the lady?

JOHNSON Sir, she is in the same case with the man. She and her parents had their eyes open when she was given. Women are less likely to be blinded by passion or ignorance. They are sounder by nature than men, though often infuriating by habit. I would do anything for the pretty dears except allow them to damage the fabric of society by the propagation of wanton notions. So, unless her husband brings wenches to their house or holds her in terror of her life, she is to continue to bear with him. It is a fortunate circumstance that both men and women are endowed with a power of endurance, and by one interpretation life itself is merely endurance. By persisting one becomes easy in a state which was at the commencement almost intolerable. But I have already observed that these are general considerations which easily include matrimony. To inveigh against the system of marriage is to select a target invidiously—nay, foolishly, for whereas we accept as *workable* many practices which are not consonant with reason, in the case of matrimony the traditional method is sanctioned and enforced by a rational certitude.

When afterwards I repeated this to my wife she heartily endorsed the opinion of my learned friend

E P W.



HLFTY COOK "Take a week's notice!" MASTER "But I've nowhere to go"





RETIRE ADMIRAL (being shown the fragments of a statuette) "My good woman, I believe that if you had to dust a battleship you'd break it."

## Pamela's Alphabet

*Scene . A Domestic Interior*

PAMELA'S FATHER, *in one arm-chair, is making a praiseworthy effort to absorb an article in a review on "The Future of British Finance"* In another arm-chair PAMELA'S MOTHER is doing some sort of mending PAMELA herself, stretched upon the hearthrug, is reading aloud interesting extracts from a picture-book

PAMELA (*in a cheerful sing-song*) A for Donkey , B for Dicky

HER FATHER What sort of dicky ?

PAMELA (*examining the illustration more closely*) All ugly black, bisect for his blue mouf

HER MOTHER (*instructively*) Not blue , yellow And it's a beak, not a mouth

PAMELA I calls it a mouf He's eating wiv it (*With increasing disfavour*) A poor little worm he's eating Don't like him , he's crool (*She turns the page hurriedly and continues*) C for Pussy , D for Mick

[*This is the name of the family mongrel That the picture represents an absolutely thoroughbred collie matters nothing to PAMELA She spends some time in admiring MICK, then rapidly sweeps over certain illustrations that fail to attract*]

PAMELA (*stopping at the sight of a web-footed fowl, triumphantly*) G for Quack-quack

HER FATHER Oh, come, Pamela, that's not a quack-quack , that's a goose It makes quite a different noise

[*Anticipating an immediate demand for a goose's noise he clears his throat nervously*]

PAMELA (*with authority*) This one isn't making any noise It's jus' thinking (HER FATHER *accepts the correction and swallows again*) H for Gee-gee Stupid gee-gee

HER FATHER Why stupid ?

PAMELA 'Acos its tail looks silly

HER FATHER (*glancing at the tail, which bears some resemblance to an osprey's feather*). You're right , it does

HER MOTHER I wonder whether it's wrong to let children get accustomed to bad drawings ?

HER FATHER Pamela doesn't get accustomed—she criticises If it weren't for a silly tail here, a stupid face there, her critical faculty might lie for ever dormant

PAMELA (*having turned over four or five pages with one grasp of the hand, as if determined to suppress the unsatisfactory horse*) R for Bunny



MISTRESS "Why have you put two hot-water bottles in my bed, Bridget?"

BRIDGET. "Sure, Mem, wan of thim was leaking, and I didn't know which, so I put both in to make sure "

HER MOTHER No, dear, Rabbit R for Rabbit B for Bunny

PAMELA (*gently*) No, B is for Dicky The ugly dicky wiv the blue mouf

HER FATHER (*rashly*) The blackbird

PAMELA (*conscious of superior knowledge*) That isn't its name That's what it looks like, all black, but its name is Dicky B for Dicky

HER FATHER Well, have it your own way What does S stand for ?

PAMELA (*turning to the likeness of an elderly quadruped, with great assurance*) Baa-lamb !

HER FATHER Sometimes we call baa-lambs sheep

PAMELA I don't

HER FATHER You will when you grow older

PAMELA I won't be any older, not for ever so long Not till next burfday. (*Pushing her book away and assuming an air of extreme infancy*) Tired of reading Want a piggy-back, please !

HER FATHER (*firmly taking up his review again*) Not just now. I'm busy with a picture-book

[*A reproachful silence falls upon the room.*]

PAMELA (*presently, in a mournful chant*) A for Don-key B for Dicky——

*The Scene closes*



REVISED VERSION

MOTHER (*to love-sick Son*). "Hasn't that young woman gone yet?"



MR SMITH (*who has just bought a tortoise to deal with the slug nuisance*)  
 "Good tortoise! Fetch 'em, fetch 'em!"

### Spoiling the System

MY wife and I have a well-grounded practice of not interfering in our offspring's disputes, we think it promotes courage and self-reliance. You can judge therefore how startled I was at Irene's extraordinary remark.

The circumstances which gave rise to it were peculiar. Our son John, going to his money-box to take out the three-halfpence he had in hand, was surprised to find a sixpence there as well. Accepting this charming gift from the gods with unquestioning thankfulness, he promptly went out and spent it. A day or two later Eve made the appalling discovery that she had put sixpence into John's box instead of her own, and at once the sparks began to fly upward.

John, who resembles his mother in so many respects, took up the somewhat lofty line that he really could not be responsible for mistakes of this sort, after all, how was a fellow to know to a few pence how much he had in hand?

"But you've hardly ever got a penny in hand after Saturday," Eve pointed out hotly. "You must have known it wasn't yours. You'll have to give me your next Saturday's sixpence, that's all."

But this didn't suit John at all. He was very sorry, but his financial arrangements had been made for several Saturdays ahead and could not

very well be altered The sixpence in his box he had regarded as a lucky extra and as a lucky extra he had spent it

Eve was quite horrified at the wickedness of the world "But what are you going to *do*?" she demanded "You don't want to rob me?"

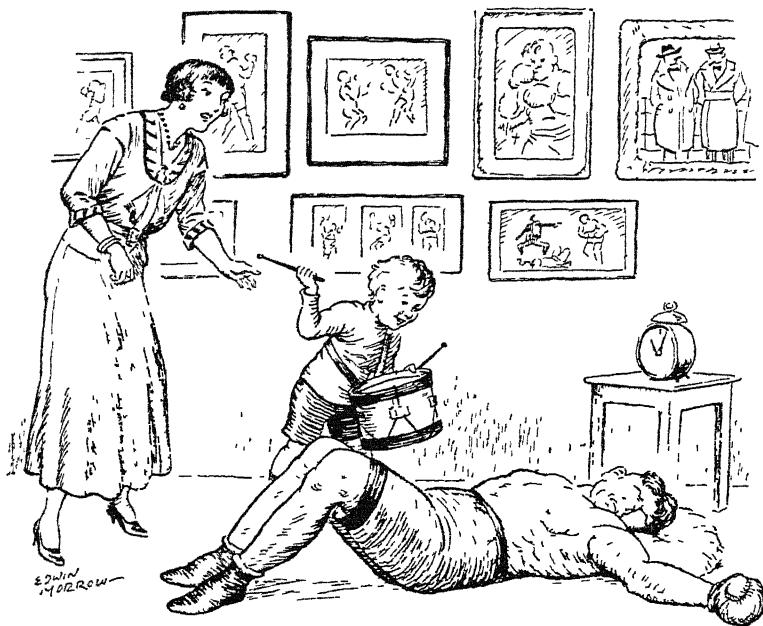
No, John didn't want to rob her, far from it What he had in mind was the establishment of some sort of sinking fund into which a halfpenny or a penny could be placed as the mood took him and which in six months or perhaps a little longer would enable him to liquidate the entire debt He laboriously adumbrated the scheme to his own satisfaction

Eve, who knew John's capacity for saving, rejected it flatly "If you don't return it on Saturday," she said in tones of finality, "I shall tell Daddy"

We had overheard the conversation through the open play-room door, and it was at this point that Irene, who had been chuckling, made her startling remark

"It seems to me, Eve always thinks she can appeal to you," she said, "I'm afraid you're rather weak with her"

"I am not in the habit of departing from agreed practice," I answered coldly "If you were as firm with John as I——"



"Don't disturb your Daddy, dear He's training."



NIECE "Gee! but I do feel like a cocktail"  
AUNT. "Yes, and what *you* want is a jolly good shaking."



"I hear you're walking out with the postman, Jane Is he serious?"  
"Well, M'm, he must be, to take all that extra exercise "



"Tut," she interrupted, "a mere *tu quoque* "

"And anyhow, I think Eve has a pretty good grievance," I said

"Oh, it will do her good to realise that mistakes have to be paid for," she rejoined airily "We can probably make it up to her in some indirect way "

"As for John," I continued indignantly, "he bids fair to become the complete spendthrift, I wonder which of us he takes after "

"And Eve has a tendency to hoard," she laughed "I'm afraid she gets that from me "

"Good heavens!" I cried

\* \* \* \* \*

John evidently made no satisfactory offer, because Eve laid the case before me on the following Saturday In spite of my sympathy I was firm

"You must settle it between you," I said loudly (for Irene was in the next room) "You made a mistake in putting the money there, and John made a mistake in spending it So you are both in a sense equally blameworthy I cannot interfere "

Her lip quivered "John must have known it wasn't his," she said



HUSBAND. "I'm going to sack that confounded chauffeur He nearly killed me again to-day "

WIFE. "Oh, darling, give him another chance."



LADY "I do hope you'll get the bath done soon It's really most inconvenient"

PLUMBER "We'll do our best, lady When's yer bath-night?"

"Pooh," I answered softly, "unexpected money finds its way into money-boxes sometimes There are such people as fairies, you know Perhaps they'll visit you one day"

I don't know what made her spring up suddenly and hurry off to her money-box, certainly nothing I had said could have suggested it She did, though, and what is more, came back a minute later with a face all wreathed in smiles *She had found a new shilling in her box*

"Well, I never," I whispered, "of all the lucky things! Talk about fairies! Why, they've actually given you a profit on the transaction. I think you'd better keep it secret because fairies don't like their doings published"

But of course it came out, Eve has too frank a nature to keep anything secret. And now what do you think Irene has done? Not content with having brought a baseless charge against me, she has given John another sixpence That's how women spoil a well-thought-out system

C. M.



NEW RESIDENT (after glancing at a publication to which he has just been persuaded to subscribe) "'Ere, I say, this is the *Parish Magazine*, I thought you said *Paris Magazine* "

## A Flat Contradiction

(An Episode that might almost justify the vagaries of House-Agents)

SHE said, " They are quite impossible—all of them " Then she said, " It isn't as if I wanted anything unusual either One doesn't I told him so I said, ' I want a flat , in Chelsea or near Regent's Park , facing south, with a drawing-room that looks out at a tree , two bedrooms, central heating, a lease that is not very long and a rental that is not very high , a porter with gold braid, but not enough gold braid to overpower charm and atmosphere , permission to keep Adolphus——' "

" He said, ' What is Adolphus—dog or cat ?' "

" "—a nice bathroom with concealed plumbing, very constant hot water, and Adolphus is a cockatoo ' "

" " Madam,' he said, ' I will look through my books Now here is a delightful period house in Westminster, a residence of charm and character , the basement——' "

" " I don't want a house,' I said. "



HOUSE-AGENT (*to young couple wanting small flat*) "Only yourselves, I suppose? No other children?"

" ' Or,' he went on, ' I might suggest an old-world cottage in the shadow of Brompton Oratory ' "

" ' I want a flat, in Chelsea or Regent's Park ' "

" He said, ' Madam, twenty minutes from Baker Street is a flat in an old Georgian residence, the rooms are spacious, there is an Ideal boiler and'—he almost whispered—' the landlord is open to an offer ' "

" I repeated, ' In Chelsea or Regent's Park ' "

" ' Would you like,' he said, ' a really good family flat just off the Cromwell Road 5-6 bed, 2-3 sit ? ' "

" I said, ' No ' "

" ' Or a two-room snug behind the British Museum ? ' "

" I said, ' No ' "

" He nodded his head ' And this flat——' he paused ' How soon did you want to move ? ' "

" I said, ' Immediately ' "

" ' A pity,' he said, ' a great pity If you could only have waited until March, a rare opportunity occurs to obtain a fourteen years' lease of one of the coveted flats in a most exclusive building just north of the Park. It is true that the windows do not face south—in fact, I must admit that they face



WIFE "I wish you'd speak to the butler"  
INSIGNIFICANT HUSBAND "Why should I? He never speaks to me"



MAID "Well, Mum, I suppose burglars *must* live"

practically nothing, but the decoration of the hall and corridors is most alluring, and the baths are a subtle shade of mauve. Madam,' he said, and he became quite wistful, 'believe me, it would pay you to take it'

"How much would it pay me?"

"Pardon me,' he replied with dignity, 'that was a figure of speech'

"I repeated, 'I want a flat, in Chelsea or near Regent's Park, facing——'

"Excuse me, Madam,' he said, 'if you will leave your name and address I will send you all the particulars'

"But they are all impossible—agents. One must do things for oneself I always say that," and she sighed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five weeks passed before I saw her again.

She said, "It's lovely, you must come and see it. I knew I never wanted anything unusual; but agents *are* so difficult. It's nearly Knightsbridge and the stairs go up the outside, we have two geraniums and the wood is painted bright blue. You turn round by the 'Old Red Lion' and it's over a garage behind. It's a bit dark, but the bathroom is frightfully funny and the geyser is a real comic. I found it myself, agents are so impossible."

"What about Adolphus?" I asked

"Adolphus?" She seemed surprised. "He's with me, of course. But you knew I always meant to have Adolphus with me? Surely you never thought I'd change my mind?"



ANCIENT DAME "I do wish, John, you would put down the paper and open your letters. Perhaps there's something in them that might alter the whole course of our lives."

### The Enigmatic Sex

"I SUPPOSE," observed John, "no one would say I was exactly handsome —what?"

I looked at him carefully. We were sitting in semi-darkness, and by the fitful gleam of the common-room fire John's features appeared to take on an even less prepossessing aspect, if that were possible, than they were accustomed to wear in an ordinary light.

"No," I said.

"And it's no good my pretending to set up to be much of a schoolmaster. Just a pass degree, and the Head never lets me take anything higher than the Lower Shell. Mind you, I like the little devils all right, but I don't fancy they regard me exactly as a flier. The fact is, I'm not."

"No," I said.

"And then as far as games go—well, the only thing I ever did at the 'Varsity was to scrape into the college second tigger as spare man. And of course we're not a rowing school."

"No," I said.

"Also, my handicap at golf is twenty-four, and I am the worst bridge-player since Adam."

I reflected It was impossible that bridge could have attained much vogue, at any rate for some years, with the Adams, probably they played piquet But even supposing that the old chap did not acquire the game till comparatively late in his career, he could hardly have practised it with less success than John It was, I thought, a little presumptuous in John to make an exception of Adam But I waived the point.

"Yes," I said

"In fact," he concluded, "supposing for the moment that you were a young, fascinating and lovely girl——" He paused and regarded me with a smile "Of course I am only putting it as a hypothetical case "

"Quite," I agreed drily

"What is there about me that would attract you ? "

"Nothing," I said

"I suspected as much Yes, I suppose it really is rather extraordinary."

"What is ? "

"I've just got engaged to Gloria "

"Mon Dieu !" I exclaimed in English, and I got up and hurried off to evening school

\* \* \* \* \*

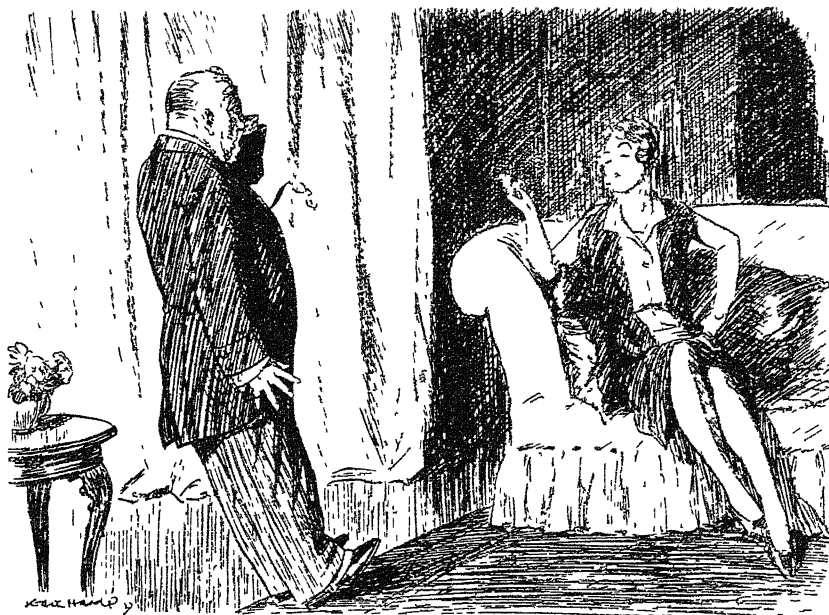


WIFE "My dear, here's another *begging letter* from the income-tax people "





MISTRESS (to prospective maid) "I cannot quite make out from her letter whether your last mistress considered you a 'perfect find' or a 'perfect fiend'."



No, Angela has not revealed everything She has just said, "Father, I am your daughter and I shall do as you wish "

I confess I was a trifle nettled by the manner in which my wife received the news As a matter of fact it was not really news to her , she had already heard of the engagement, having lunched that day with Gloria

" Then why on earth didn't you tell me at tea-time ?" I demanded

" I was so taken up with thinking about baby's teething-powders I hope you remembered them, darling "

" But surely you realise what an unparalleled piece of luck it is for John ? Good heavens ! Gloria, the Head's daughter, marrying our prize rabbit !"

My wife flung her arms round my neck " Don't say you haven't been to the chemist's," she entreated.

I disengaged myself coldly " There are moments," I said, " when even teething-powders become a matter of secondary importance I suppose I need not remind you that Gloria has had at least a dozen offers of marriage in the last two years ?"

" I knew it," she wailed " You have forgotten them " And she dashed from the room

" I've telephoned to the chemist," she said on her return, " and told him

you will be round for them in half-an-hour. Somehow he seemed very surprised, almost bewildered."

"His confusion," I replied, "was probably caused by wondering how we could possibly have acquired a second child, already at the teething stage, since I interviewed him a couple of hours ago." And, taking the powders from my pocket, I placed them on the table.

"But you said——"

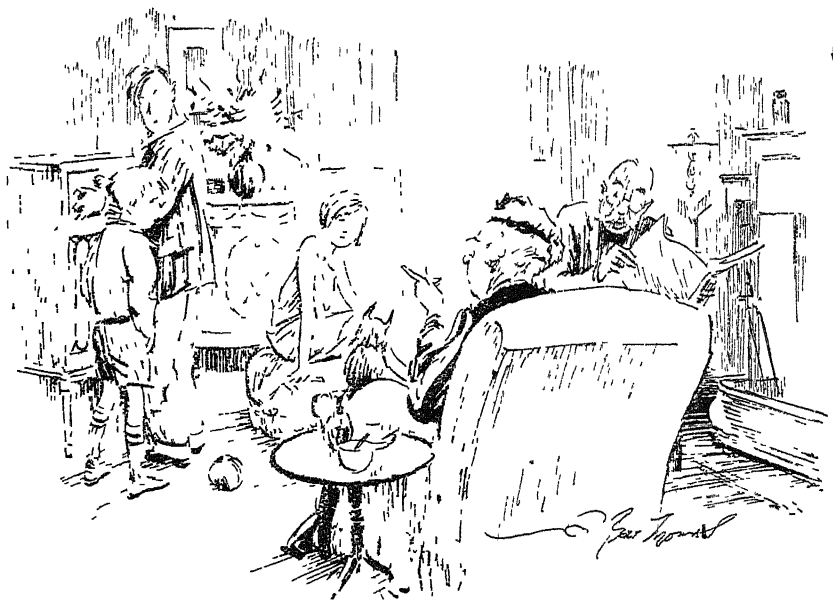
"No, no," I protested.

"Well, at any rate you made me think——"

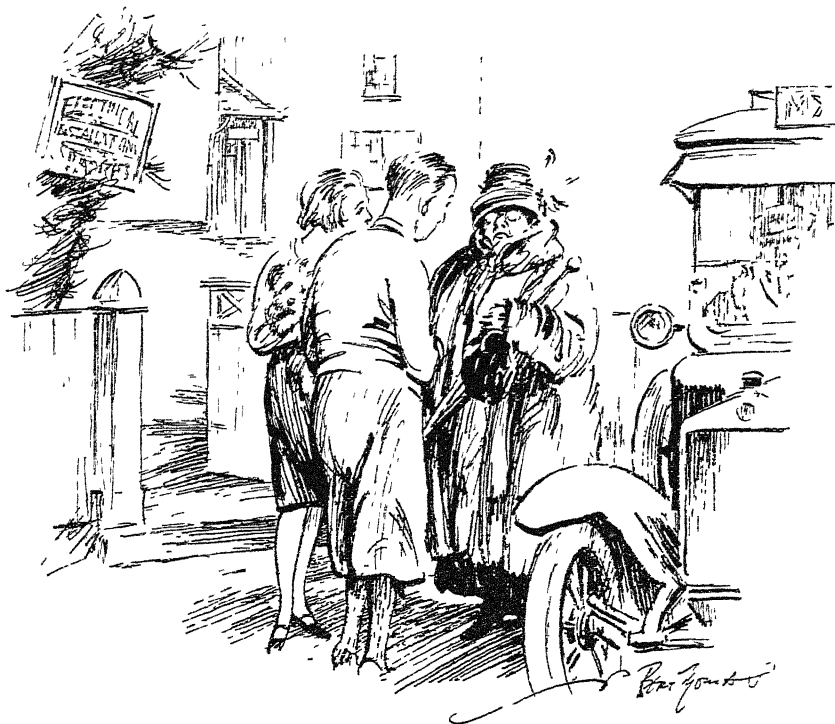
I shook my head. "My dearest girl, you over-rate my powers. No woman ever really thinks. They are just creatures of impulse. Look at Gloria."

My wife took up the powders and walked to the door, a favourite post of vantage with her.

"Well, if you ask me," she said, "I think Gloria is a very sensible girl and a very lucky one. I know all you men look on John as a rabbit, as you call him, because he's not particularly brilliant at anything, and I admit he's plain. But he's a jolly good sort and everybody likes him. You like him yourself. Why does a girl fall in love with a man? Do you think it's because



OLD LADY (as a certain politician's name is announced on wireless) "Shut that off! I won't have that man in my house."



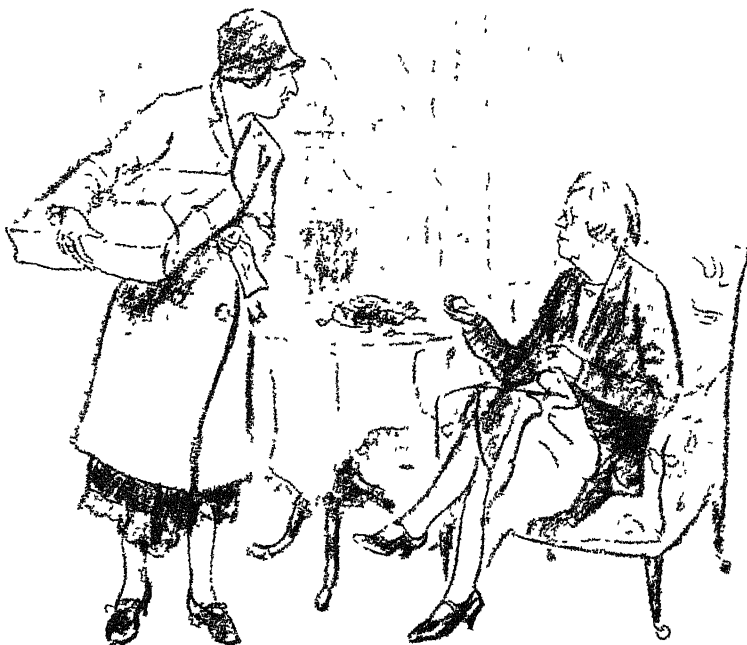
OWNER OF NEW HOUSE (to departing guest—a bore) "I'm afraid our place is very bare at present, but I hope the next time you come it will be nicely covered with ivy."

he's an Adonis or a senior wrangler or a rugger blue? Rubbish! Gloria is going to marry John because he is John, and that's the best of all reasons." And she departed.

It was nearly midnight when I left the study and went upstairs. A night-light burned dimly on the dressing-table in our room. In his cot, drawn close to the side of the bed, I could just make out the form of our son, plunged in unwontedly tranquil slumber. My wife was also asleep, but she stirred as I entered. I surveyed the pair for a few moments in silence. Then a thought struck me, and I gently pinched my wife's ear. She opened her eyes drowsily.

"What made you marry me, Mary?" I asked.

She closed her eyes again. "I've forgotten, darling," she murmured. "Don't wake baby."



*John Galsworthy*

MISTRESS "Have you packed it up securely, Mary?"  
 MARY "Yes, Mum, and I've written the address on both sides of the label  
 in case it comes off"

### To Mrs. Beeton

Whose picture has been added to the National Portrait Gallery

**I**N pre-war days, when food was nice  
 and cheap,

How much I prized your valuable book!  
 Between its covers I would always peep  
 Before I went to interview the cook;  
 And when she said, "What orders, M'm,  
 to-day?"

I had my answer ready right away

What matter though you used a dozen  
 eggs

To make a simple cake for nursery tea?  
 (Alluded to, I think, as "Auntie Meg's")

So rich it could not possibly agree  
 With any human child I've ever known,  
 And far, far less with persons fully  
 grown



LADY "I shan't wear this evening frock any more, Mrs Coggs I daresay you could cut it up and do something with it "

CHARLADY "Thank you, Mum It'll make a nice change with my black net "

Your trifles, light as air, contained a quart  
Of sherry and at least a pint of cream ,  
When, having caught your hare, you  
added port

And best beef-steak, it tasted like a  
dream

This happened in the days before the dole ,  
Now we're content with " Bunny Cas-  
serole "

Past mistress of the culinary art,

You once reigned in our kitchens like  
a queen,  
And used fresh butter when you made  
a tart,

While we put up with stuff called  
margarine

For substitutes you hadn't any use,  
But lack of money must be our excuse

Young brides declared their honeymoons  
well spent

In studying each new and dainty dish  
Contained in " Beeton's Household  
Management "

They learned one hundred ways of  
cooking fish

And how to cope with meat and fowl and  
fruit ,

Their motto then, as now, was " Feed the  
brute "

But still, though you are sadly out of date,

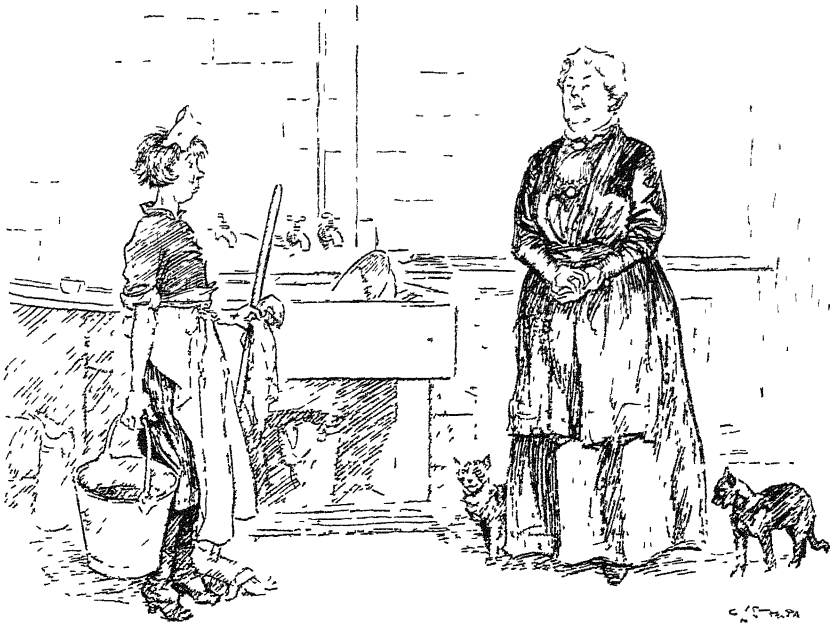
We like to see your picture on the wall  
Among those people designated great

You hang, and smile serenely on them  
all,

Reminder of the glorious days of old  
Before Britannia's sad farewell to gold



THE WIFE "I've just shown him the bill for this hat and——"  
HER MOTHER "Oh, Laura, your extravagance will——"  
THE WIFE "And he said, 'Why didn't you get a better one?'"



MISTRESS (*improving the shining hour*) "Remember that difficulties and troubles help to strengthen the character"

MAID-OF-ALL-WORK "I 'ope you'll remember it when you 'as to write mine"

### The Sting in the Tail

I HAVE decided never again to argue with my wife. In future I shall tell her and, if contradicted, register my disagreement. I am one of those people who thoroughly enjoy a good argument. It is to me like a game of chess carried on according to certain rules and patterns. The latter are very varied, but they exist. My wife disregards all set rules and forms. She is like a puppy chasing its tail, waltzing round in circles and suddenly darting away to nip your heel. She becomes abusive when defeated.

It happened at breakfast this morning when we were discussing the date of her cousin Nora's wedding.

"It must have been 1927," said Judy, "because I remember that year Felstead won the Derby. It was the year Hilary left the Army. You *must* remember, because we all went with the Pennycuicks, and you said it was such a pity Hilary had been at school at Fettes and not Felstead, otherwise we should all have backed him—the horse, I mean."





MAID "I put me 'and under the boiling tap, Mum, to see if it was—  
and it *was*."



THE WIFE "I can't think where I put that bill from the dressmakers "  
 THE HUSBAND (*in extraordinary good spirits*) "I haven't seen it "  
 THE WIFE "No, I can see you haven't "

"Felstead won in 1928," I said, "the year Tipperary Tim won the National. Nora wasn't married in that year, because she was in China then "

"She couldn't possibly have been I remember it all so well When you made that remark to Hilary, Mrs Pennycuick said——"

"In point of fact," I replied, "I have never been to the Derby with Hilary We went with his young brother and Nora's sister in 1929, and I then said that it was a pity it wasn't the year before as we should have known what to back He was at school at Felstead. What Mrs Pennycuick said isn't evidence "

"You're quite wrong," said Judy "I'm positive about that remark. We got very good odds too, about ten to one. She must have been married in 1927."

"But," I insisted, "Felstead won in 1928 at the good outside price of thirty-three to one I couldn't have made that remark in 1927, I'm not as clever as all that Seeing that all the facts which you have put forward to confirm your story are wrong, am I not justified in suggesting that your story also is false?"



#### GARDEN SUBURB AMENITIES

The result of a whist drive has divided the neighbours FitzBrown and De Smythe, and they are now not on speaking terms. It is comforting to know that a promising hedge separates the two gardens.

"Felstead," said my wife with finality, "won in 1927 at ten to one, the year in which we went to the Derby with Hilary, the year Nora got married." I reached for the phone and dialled.

"Hallo, Hilary," I said. "Have you ever been to the Derby with us? No? I thought not."

"Anyway, Felstead won in 1927 at ten to one," persisted Judy.

"And Hilary," I continued, "what year did Felstead win? 1928? And what price, do you remember? Thirty-three to one? Thanks very much, old boy, just having an argument. Cheerio."

"Anyway, Nora got married in 1927," concluded Judy, defiant. Again I reached for the phone and again dialled.

"Sorry to awaken you so early, Nora," I said, "but I'm arguing with Judy. What year did you get married? 1926? Thanks so much."

"Anyway," said my wife, "you've got egg on your mouth."



AFTER-DINNER TOASTS  
MAID "The guests—curse 'em!"



HABITUÉ (*introducing his wife to favourite hotel*) "Here, waiter, where's my honey?"

WAITER "I'm sorry, Sir, but she doesn't work here now "

### Tertium Quid

HE sat at his desk waiting. The morning's letters lay neglected in front of him. He couldn't give his mind to them till he knew—one way or the other. Half-past eleven. She had said she would ring up by eleven. She had given her promise, when he had seen her yesterday, to ring him up and tell him finally whether she would come or not. It meant so much. Not only to him, he thought grimly.

"Poor Ethel," he said to himself as he thought of his wife. "She's done her best. She's tried everything. I've seen this coming, though, there was no other way out of it. But I couldn't tell her till I was sure of——"

B-r-r-r-r Br-r——

His hand leaped to the telephone. "Hullo! Yes?"

"Mr Tomlinson?" a girl's voice tinkled down the wire.

"Yes, yes! Is that you? Oh! I was afraid you'd changed your mind and wouldn't ring up after all. Tell me—you're coming?"

"Yes," said the voice composedly. "I've decided to."

"To-night?" he said eagerly. "As we arranged?"



PHILANTHROPIST (to Johnny, who has washed his face since the visitor's arrival) "Here's a shilling for you, my boy And here's another for the little boy I saw when I first came in"



OLD GENTLEMAN (*engaging new chauffeur*) "I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?"

CHAUFFEUR "I am sorry to say, Sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service"



WIFE (*in throes of packing for the Riviera*) "Jack, it's no use just sitting on it Bounce!"



CUSTOMER "You seem highly delighted that I've chosen this tie is there anything the matter with it?"

TEMPORARY ASSISTANT "No, Madam, it's a perfectly good tie, only the management promised me that if I sold it they'd give me a permanent position here "



MISTRESS (*pointing out cobweb*) "Haven't you seen this?"

NEW HELP "Lor, yes Somefink to do with yer wireless, ain't it?"



" Yes Outside Number 4 platform at Waterloo, didn't you say ?"  
 " That's it At six The train goes at six-fifteen Don't be late I'll  
 have your ticket ready "  
 " I'll be there," said the voice There was a click and then silence  
 He leaned back in his chair and wiped his forehead  
 " Thank God ! " he said aloud

\* \* \* \* \*

So it was decided, then Phew ! It had been a strain, waiting like that  
 That's what came of taking things into your own hands, going against the  
 custom of society Well, they'd see now whether it was worth it or not

The picture of his home came before him Pleasant it had been, but  
 There had been a want all these last six months—as though something had  
 gone away. Well, it had That was the solid truth

They had tried—Heavens, how they had tried to find it again ! Ethel  
 and he Ethel particularly And now——

Well, that tangle was cut through, anyhow The relief of it ! A clean cut  
 too No one suspected—Ethel least of all



MISTRESS "And then I should want you occasionally to assist the  
 butler upstairs "  
 APPLICANT "Poor fellow, so that's his trouble, is it?"



WIFE "Ever since I was a child I have suffered from an inferiority complex "  
 HUSBAND "Nonsense, Mabel, they haven't been invented so long as that "

He thought of the voice down the telephone " Bless her," he said to himself, " she shan't regret it She's coming—she's coming——"

\* \* \* \* \*

He got to Waterloo in good time and paced up and down the crowded station in front of Number 4 platform Could she, after all, fail ? He compared his watch and the station clock. Six o'clock—five minutes past—ten minutes——

Ah ! At last ! There she was

They greeted formally and he hurried her towards the train

\* \* \* \* \*

" I can't get over it," said Ethel for the twentieth time that evening  
 " You found her all by yourself ? "

Tomlinson nodded. " I took up her references too," he said " They were excellent. Cook-housemaid she was in her last place I'm sure she'll be a success "



CAPTURED BURGLAR. "Just my luck! I spends six munce makin' friends wiv the dorg, an' then I goes an' treads on the perishin' cat."

## The Hygienic Tuck-Box

"DO you realise," demanded Barbara, "that we have loaded Reggie's tuck-box with cakes, jam, sweets and even pastries?"

"And why not?" I asked

"Because," she said impressively, "they are deadly poisons"

"He seems to have absorbed a fair amount of poison during the holidays"

"Don't blame me," protested Barbara, "I've only just read the article in the paper. Of course Reggie has an iron constitution, but these insidious poisons are bound to undermine it in the end. Haven't you noticed how quiet he's been this week?"

"My dear, boys are always depressed just before term begins"

"Oh, no, it isn't only that," she insisted. "It's because he hasn't had enough vitamin B"

"Sweets are good for growing boys," I asserted. "Heaps of calories in them"

"My good man, you are dreadfully behind the times. Calories went out after the Great War. What Reggie needs during his growing years is the anti-scorbutic vitamin"

"And what is that?"

"I don't know quite what it is. But scientists have proved that rats deprived of their anti-scorbutic vitamin——"

"My dear, do not let us discuss rat-food. The young man must have his tuck-box as usual"

"I didn't suggest he should be deprived of his tuck-box, merely that we should not pack any of this starchy cellulose trash"

"Imagine the poor little beggar going to his tuck-box for something tasty and finding nothing but bottles of vitamins!"

"They're not bottled. They're in fresh fruit. We have only to pack him plenty of apples——"

"Then why can't you call them apples? He loves apples"

"He must," said Barbara firmly. "And oranges—plenty of oranges. They prevent scurvy. It would be dreadful if he took the disease to school. I've noticed spots on him"

"At his age," I insisted, "all boys have spots"

"But these spots look different. Oranges should put that right. Of course, lemons are much more anti-scorbutic. But I don't trust him to eat lemons unless I'm there. Perhaps the house-master—no, I don't suppose the house-master would be helpful. Pedagogues are so hopelessly conservative. But we don't seem to have any anti-rachitic vitamin"

"And what does that do?"

"It prevents rickets. Of course, his legs look indecently strong, but we ought to take no risks. Cod-liver oil is the best——"

"Cod-liver oil cannot go into a tuck-box It would smash the public-school system Waterloo," I declaimed, "was won on the playing-fields of Eton, not on a diet of vitamin C If you stick to fruits I'll back you up"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Topping!" exclaimed Reggie when he saw his box piled with apples "But where are you going to put the cakes and jam?"

With a swift gesture I cautioned Barbara to maintain silence, but I was too late Reformers simply will not do good by stealth

"Cakes and jam are poisonous," she declared with the quiet dogmatism of one who has recently read the Health Page, "whereas apples are positively full of vitamins, which will keep you in perfect health all the term"

Reggie's enthusiasm for apples suddenly waned Green apples, plucked for preference from a forbidden tree, he considered to be the choicest of fruits, but apples to be taken three times a day after meals could only be regarded as medicine He brightened a little when he found that a layer of oranges was concealed beneath the apples, but these too ceased to be desirable when he learned their anti-scorbutic properties His box of assorted vitamins was corded in silence

A week later he wrote to us informing us of his progress at footer and asking for another hamper of apples Reggie's conversion to vitamins was apparently complete

When I looked him up in a few weeks' time I inquired tactfully of his supplies

"You wouldn't care for another hamper of apples?" I asked

"No, thanks," he said, "the bottom's dropped out of the apple market Why, the Head started jawing about vitamins this week, and now a fellow simply can't trade apples"

"What does this commercial talk mean?" I demanded "Have you been selling your apples?"

"Rather not Well, not exactly Trade, you know," he floundered, "the Lower Remove was short of apples this term and they cleaned me out in no time I could have traded another hamper if I could have promised delivery"

"And what did you trade them for?"

He fished out his pocket-diary

"Jam, biscuits, sweets, cherry-cake," he read, "more jam, honey, golden syrup, tin of sardines, more jam, pickles, fish-paste, more jam"

"Reggie," I protested, "your apples were intended to keep you in perfect health all the term"

"That's all right, pater," he grinned, "they did me no end of good."



"Can you tell me what my balance is?"  
"Yes—er—two shillings"  
"Which way?"



MISTRESS (*sternly*) "Are you aware the Master had to go to Town with-  
out his breakfast?"

MAID "We heard the door slam We thought you'd left him "

### The Professions of Michael

SINCE he was three months old it has been a nice problem what Michael's profession should be. Mary suggested the Chinese method, giving the child a choice of implements and watching the trend of his unconscious mind. We began by offering him the choice between a mouth-organ and a hammer. We considered it better to begin with broad distinctions.

Well, he didn't exactly choose. He picked up the mouth-organ with one hand and the hammer with the other. As soon as I could make myself heard I pointed out to Mary that we seemed to have arrived at an impasse.

When we talked the experiment over in cold blood I said the only conclusion I could draw was that Michael was destined to be a star performer in a jazz band. Mary said that would never do, because by the time Michael was of age syncopated music would be out of fashion, and it was no use apprenticing him to a dying trade, even if he had genius enough to sing its swan-song.

So after this we decided to lie doggo, watching meanwhile the trend of Michael's unconscious mind.

By the time he was five I had resolved to keep a note-book exclusively for the subject, because no normal memory could keep abreast of Michael. At one period he aspired fairly consistently to be an ice-cream vendor. Mary was none too pleased, but I pointed out that all the best people were going into the







"And the bitter part is, Doris, I gave her the pattern for that pullover he's wearing!"

symbols in preference to, say, " ? " or " & , " which in my opinion were infinitely more decorative There followed —

. . -7263548764857625 453 6 28374659870928  
538957687666668762366  
82736542345342986687645328 6  
87362 - , ] 209675 78576  
666667263548576

10

Obviously, as I pointed out, an instinctive reaching forth towards big figures The next and most important stage I must give in full, for in it Michael's unconscious mind is positively rampant —

% % % % % %  
666876 @ @ @ @ @ @ 100% ----- 687600 , , ,  
990006 @ @ 100% %----- 66699000000  
, , , , ] ] ] ] ] ]  
6100 @ 10% ----- ! ! ! ? ? ? ?

" Note," I said to Mary, " the plausibility of these admittedly fictitious results, calculated to deceive all but the most wary But it is the last entry which to my mind fixes irrevocably his vocation The impatience of his genius refuses to deal with anything so unremunerative as the ten per cents. . "

But need I go further ? Michael is destined for the realms of high finance.



VOICE FROM ABOVE "What is happening down there?"  
THE GENERAL "Nothin's 'appenin'—it's 'appened'"



LADY OF THE HOUSE "Good Heavens! what *have* you done? This isn't the nursery—this is my husband's study "

### The Explanation

"LET'S play that new kind of Rummy we played at the Jacksons'," said Barbara. "It has a French name, only I forget it "

"Call it Oublié," I suggested.

"It wasn't that," Barbara retorted coldly "But it's an awfully good game I'll explain it to Wilfred if he hasn't played it "

I am Wilfred, and I hadn't played it, and Barbara did explain it It is that explanation which I should like you to hear. I *may* be as dull-witted as Barbara suggests—"Fathead" is the name I most clearly recall, though there were others. On the other hand, you may think with me—well, anyway, it went rather like this —

BARBARA You have seven cards round You have two packs if there are more than four You have seven cards round Then you try to get three things in a row

ME Things ?

BARBARA Cards, stupid ! You *know* it's a card-game Three things in a row, or three alike You must lie down at once

I proceeded to do so

BARBARA. Fathead ! You must lie the three things down at once. When



ARRIVAL OF THE SALES CHAMPION



DAUGHTER OF HOUSE (*bursting in on parents*) "Hello, people! I've just got engaged to this. Those in favour signify in the usual way."

it's your turn. You don't take out of your turn. You take one and you throw out one each time. If you don't like the one that's there you take one off the pack. You notice what the other people are doing, and if they're taking a thing you don't turn that thing out. If you have four of a thing it's better than three, but it doesn't matter.

ME. What doesn't matter?

BARBARA. If you have three or four.

ME. Then why is it better?

BARBARA. Oh, don't argue! Then two of Spades is absolutely anything.

ME (*incredulously*). Absolutely any—

BARBARA. Absolutely. But if it's turned up first go, off it goes back into the pack—see?

ME. No.

BARBARA. It's awful explaining to a nitwit. When you're out you put down.

ME. Put what down?

BARBARA. Your cards, idiot!

ME How do I know when I'm out ?

BARBARA You are awful! When you're out you're out You *must* know

ME Don't I have any cards left ?

BARBARA Oh, you have lots, you ass You can take any number if you use the last one (*Very impressively*) You *must* be able to use the last one

ME (*meekly*) It's no use saying " must," because with my limited capacity I may not be able to use the last one

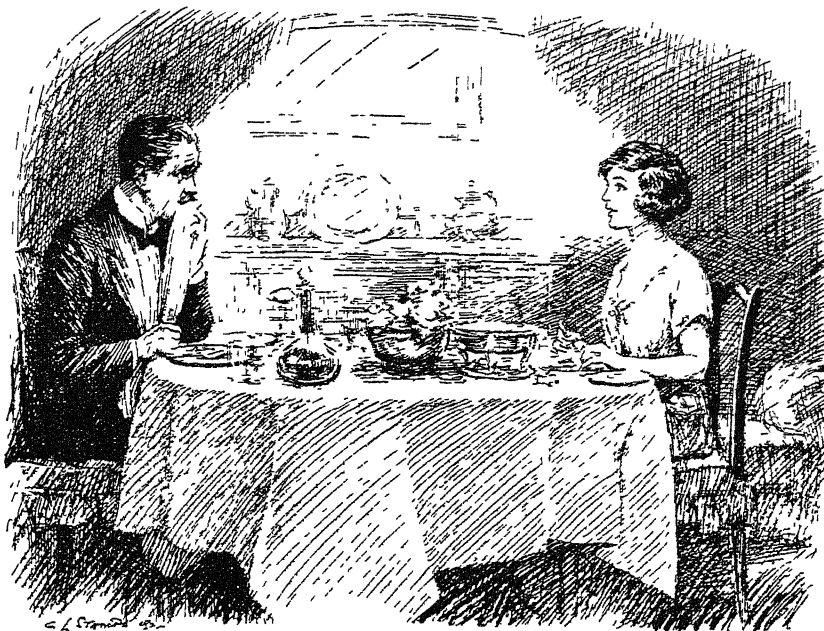
BARBARA Then you don't take it Don't you see ?

ME I see quite as much of that as I see of the rest

BARBARA (*sitting back with infinite scorn*) Which, I suppose, is definitely nothing

I shook my head " Quite definitely nothing," I said despondently. I felt like crying But later I began to wonder , and now I have put it down without the least exaggeration What do you think ?

A W B



HUSBAND "What is this dish, old thing?"

YOUNG WIFE "I'm not sure Cook left in the middle of making it without saying what it was, and I went on with it "

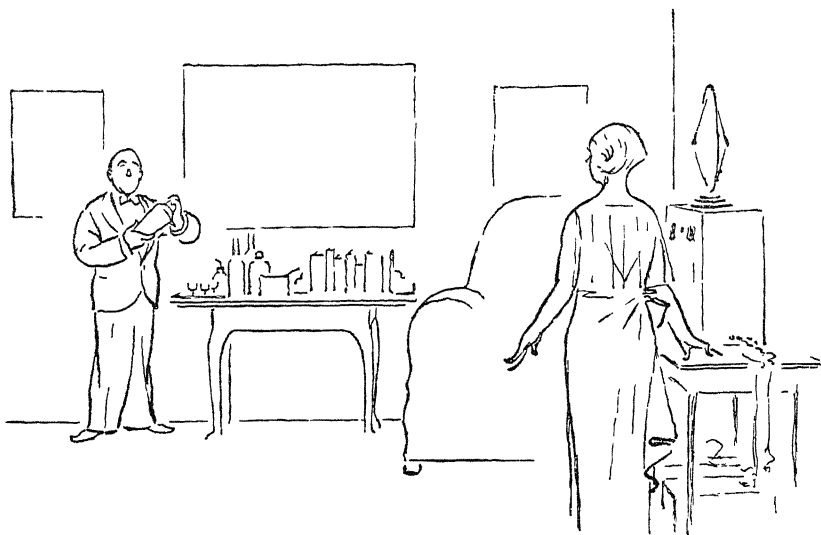


"Thank goodness! there you are, Augustus. For Heaven's sake take the children away, and—er—see if there is any supper for them, or I shall never get this done in time for the Ideal Home Exhibition!"



SCHOOLMASTER "And—er—what profession does the young man propose to follow?"  
PARENT "Well, he says he wants to be a chemist."  
SCHOOLMASTER "A chemist, eh? Analytical—dispensing——"  
THE YOUNG MAN (*firmly*) "Cash."



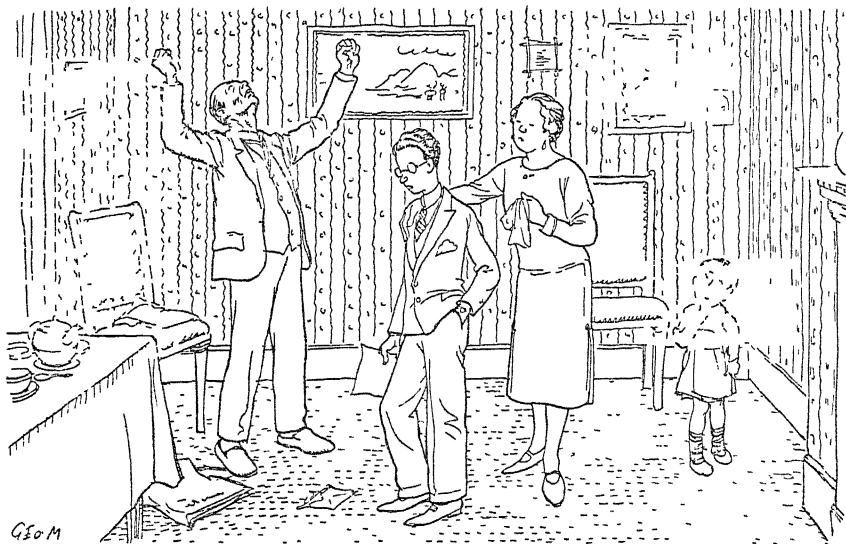


*Jung*

"Really, Herbert, you'll have to do something about Peter's naughtiness. Nurse has had to send him to bed early as a punishment—and now the wireless has gone wrong and we shan't be able to get him down to put it right!"

### The Morning After

NAY, mother, nay	Though I be	Nay, more	With icy skill he drags to
weak and wan,		light	
Fetch not the doctor, mother, I be-		Those very details that the coy would	
seech,		shrink	
It is but megrims—it will pass anon,		From deeply probing how I spent last	
Oh! mother, not the leech		night,	
		My food, alas, my drink;	
Mother, I fear the man	He is not fair		
He does not come to pity or condole,		Whither I fared, and when regained my	
But to unclothe my being and lay bare		couch,	
My frail and fluttering soul		And other truths that are not his to	
		seek,	
And he is cruel	At his questioning	For some, indeed, I could not wholly	
My very secret tongue must I obtrude,		vouch,	
He does not weep to see the piteous thing,		Of others, would not speak.	
It only makes him rude			



Poignant Domestic Scene The hope of his family is sent down by his  
Correspondence College

So he goes, primed, and, knowing that I all, (Coward!) he sends—oh, mother, this to me— Some draught enough to make a strong man pale, For which he asks a fee	But, if 'twill solace your maternal mind, Seek now the chymist—there is one that hangs Out by the corner—he, no doubt, will find Some easement of my pangs
Then, mother, though my tortures cut like knives, Though all my molten cockles be in flames, Call not the cunning man—if he arrives, It is all up with James	He has great store of simples, low in price, Comely and void of taste and prompt to heal, To swallow, with a little water, thence, One after every meal

Be his the choice And, ere the day go  
by,  
We will remit these humours and this  
pain,  
But let not the physician come to pry  
Till I am well again

DUM-DUM



differences I am not big I am just an ordinary-sized person Then I haven't one of those large, bushy moustaches, I haven't a moustache at all And, of course, no sign of a side-whisker Again, I dress differently. I dress rather well, though loosely, whereas my father dressed very badly, though tightly—a heavy black frock-coat, with a big white stiff collar and starched shirt

Then, too, I am much younger than my father was at my age I am much too young I am so young that it is inconceivable I could command the respect, let alone reverence, of anybody How could I command respect? I am not good, like my father If I am not thoroughly bad I am at least bad I have always been bad I had bad ways as an undergraduate, I had bad ways when I came down from the 'Varsity, I had bad ways as a soldier in the War, I have got bad ways now—at any rate compared with my father at thirty-five Anyone can see this, I have never attempted to conceal it because hitherto it has never seemed to matter

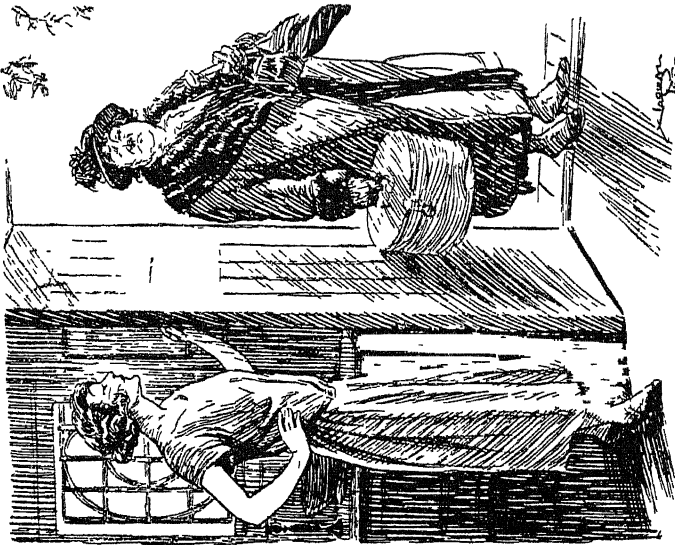
But suddenly it has begun to matter very much How can I go on facing my son Jack, knowing that he regards me as just an ordinary, irresponsible,



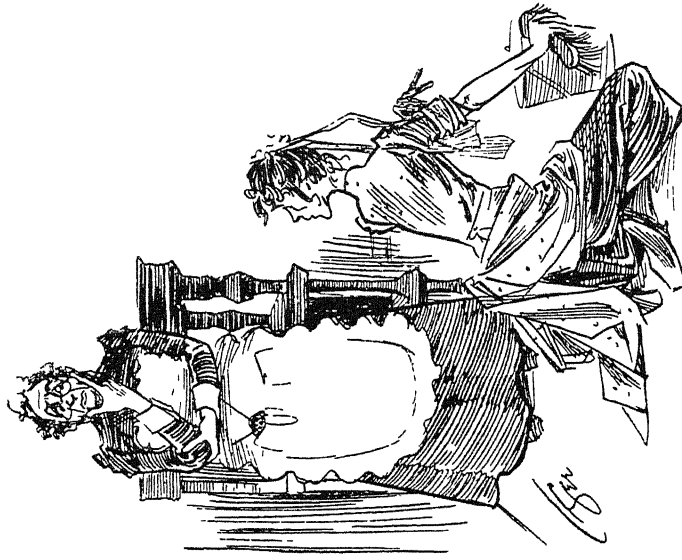
"Who's that on the piano upstairs?"

"That's dear Marguerite, she's progressing by leaps and bounds "

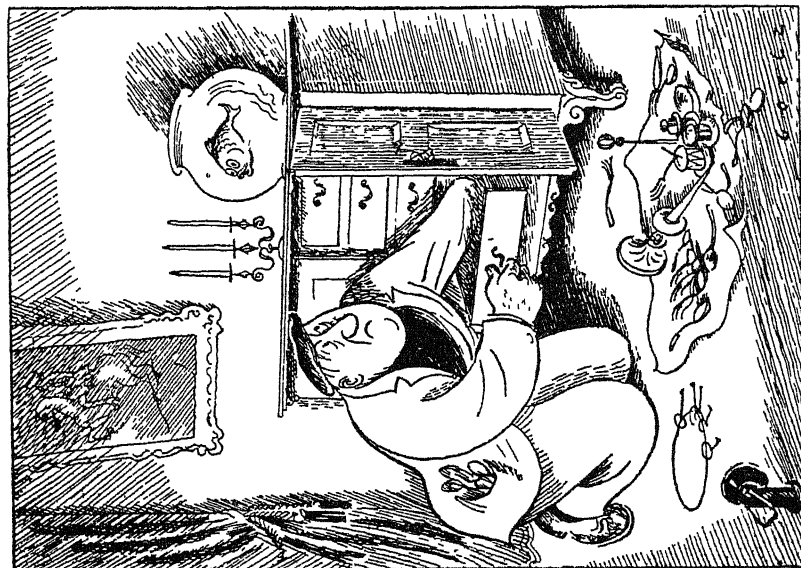
"Um! I thought she couldn't be doing it with her hands "



DEPARTING COOK (after a week's stay) "Should any letters come for me, p'raps you'll kindly send 'em on"  
 LADY (sarcastically) "Certainly—if there's any room on the envelope for any more addresses,"



"Late again, Jane! You're always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl."  
 "I wish yer *would*, Mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"



"Give over staring at me, can't yer?"



THE BRIDE "Just think of it, dearest Twenty-five years from the day before yesterday will be our silver wedding."

happy-go-lucky sort of person, not even as good as Uncle Donald and people like that ? And how bad for him ! How bad for him as he grows a little older—for his *amour propre*, for his own self-respect Yet what can I do ? I am too old to change And, anyhow, it would be extremely inconvenient

Strange that so soon after musing on these things I should have overheard the question put to Jack by Jill in the night nursery (and you can imagine the anxiety with which I heard it) —

“ Who is the best man in the world, Jack ? ”

“ God ”

The answer came back pat and decided

“ Who is the next best ? ”

“ The King ”

I breathed hard as I realised that the awful truth of my own forebodings was about to be revealed I trembled to think of the long list of Cabinet Ministers and uncles and film stars and clergymen and schoolmasters and doctors that would be run through before my name would be reached It would probably never be reached that night Then came the question again

“ Well, who is the next best ? ”

“ Daddy ”

And with one bound and a stifled shout of joy I was into the dining-room, mixing a celebratory cocktail for Mummy and myself

L B. G



WIFE. “Come quickly! One of the elephants from the circus has got into our garden and drunk the lily-pond ”



### THE COLONEL ENTERTAINS

Belated guests interrupt their host's discourse on the subject of unpunctuality





WIFE (*showing husband paper-pattern of frock*) "Look, dear, this is the very latest thing from Paris"

HUSBAND. "Heavens! my dear, you *can't* wear that "



WIFE "You and I are comin' to the cross-roads, Arnold, that's twice you've been out without remembering to buy the canary-seed "

### The Reforming of Jane

I SURVEYED the litter on my desk distastefully I am nothing if not methodical, and if my study has *got* to be dusted I cannot think why Jane experiences such difficulty in leaving it as she found it

My sister Marjorie came in An optimist would tell you that she kept house for me

" I say, Marjorie," I began, " this has really got to stop "

" It has," said Marjorie

Something made me look at the clock

" Good heavens," I said, " she can't even replace the clock where she found it ! The girl's simply devoid of grey matter Look at my desk Not a thing in its proper place Will you speak to her ? "

" Well, you know what you want," said Marjorie " At least, we'll take it that you do Why not speak to her yourself ? "

" H'm," I said

" That is, of course, if you don't mind the prospect of being without a maid for Christmas "

The imputation of tactlessness decided me

I rang for Jane, and Marjorie left the room I reflected that Marjorie

could easily have carried out this delicate duty herself It's not that she's afraid of Jane But I must admit that Marjorie is lazy

"Er—Jane," I began—"do you like chocolates?"

"Oh yes, Sir," said Jane hopefully, coming forward a little

"Ah! Then you'll understand more easily what I'm going to say"

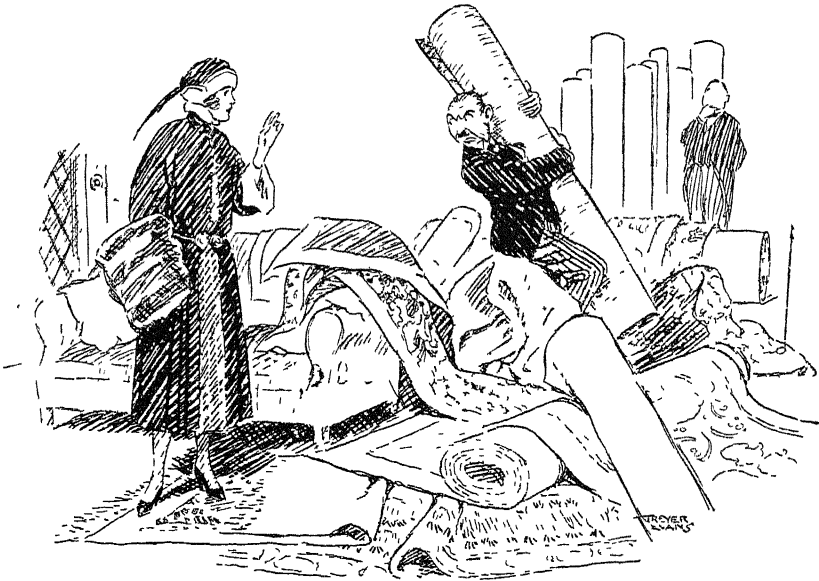
Jane came forward no further "Now supposing you were eating a piece of chocolate-cream one night, and put the remainder on the mantelpiece to chew in the morning, and supposing you came down and found that lovely bit of chocolate-cream in the grate, you'd be annoyed, wouldn't you?"

"Y—yes, Sir"

"Then in future when you're dusting *would* you mind not putting the mouthpiece of my pipe in the ash-tray?"

Jane looked disappointed

"I should like the ash-tray left empty," I said, "even of ashes Now I'll place all these things just as I leave them at night The inkpot there—and shut The writing-pad there Those papers in a neat pile The pen on the inkstand and the calendar there Pipe and tobacco-pouch on the mantelpiece, and the whole affair tidy Do you think you can manage that?"



LADY (after looking at some dozens of carpets) "Yes, they're very charming, but really I wasn't thinking of buying I came in to look for my husband"  
VERY HARASSED AND TIRED ASSISTANT. "One moment, Madam Perhaps he's inside this one"



MAYOR "Had a busy day, dear—opened two clubs, one memorial hall and a new road."

HIS WIFE "Well, I hope you're not too tired of opening things, because I've got a tin of sardines for you."

"I'm sure I do my best, Sir," said Jane with a note of defiance.

"So long as you leave things as you find them you can do your worst," I said considerably

But somehow I seemed to have upset her. I fiddled with the inkstand lid, flicking it up and down.

"Mind you, Jane," I said, "I know this dusting business is pretty rotten for both of us, almost as bad for you as for me. And don't think I'm dissatisfied. Far from it. No. I mean to say, if you'll just——" I looked up, but I didn't think it necessary to finish the sentence, for Jane was no longer there.

This was rather disconcerting. In fact it worried me all day. I said nothing to Marjorie because I had a sneaking feeling that her comments would lack sympathy. With a heavy heart I put my desk in order that evening and noted the general position of my study's contents.

What would the morrow bring?

To be truthful, it brought me a little extra sleep, and I had no time to

inspect the study till after breakfast I opened the door fearfully, half expecting to find papers spitefully strewn upon the floor and the carpet discoloured with ink

The sight that met my eyes was refreshing indeed The essence of tidiness Not an article out of place I was torn between joy and contrition Marjorie was immediately summoned

"Just look!" I said "Everything exactly as I told her to leave it My pipe and pouch on the mantelpiece, the papers straight I never knew she had it in her In fact I'm going to apologise to Jane"

"What for?" asked Marjorie

"For the hard thoughts I entertained about her," I said, "and also for upsetting her yesterday I'm sure she was upset"

"Nonsense," said Marjorie "Look at the result"

"Er—the result Yes Of course there is that But I insist on apologising," I said, and rang the bell

Jane didn't come at once and Marjorie moved to my desk

"So everything's exactly as you left it?" said Marjorie "You—er—you don't notice anything to remark on?"

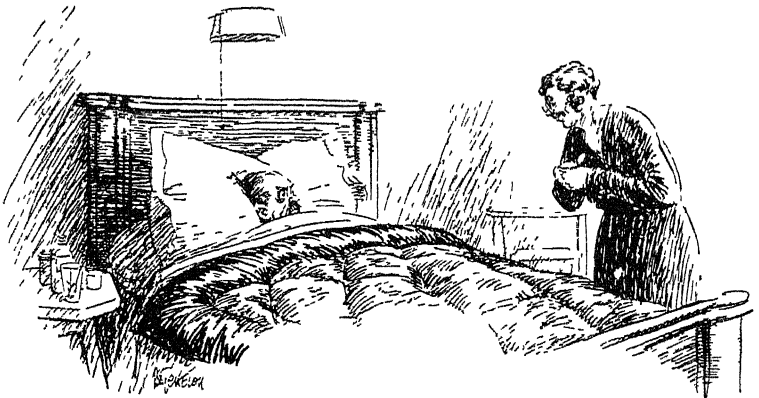
"On the other hand, the whole scheme's perfect," I said

"Ah! You were never very observant," said Marjorie And just then Jane appeared

I cleared my throat. After all it was rather an awkward speech to make.

"Er—I've been thinking—" I began, but Marjorie interrupted with a complete disregard for manners.

"Jane," she said kindly but firmly, "why haven't you dusted this room?"



"Such a cheerful jolly staff you've got at the office, George I could distinctly hear them all laughing heartily when I phoned to say you wouldn't be down"



WIFE "Aren't clothes cheap now?"  
HUSBAND "Yes, it's awful to be owing my tailor what he charged  
me ten years ago"



WIFE (to husband who has remonstrated with her on her extravagance in the purchase of mourning) "Clarence, remember this—when I mourn, I mourn!"

## The Homily

"HERBERT" said my wife, "you won't forget to speak to Averil before she goes back to school?"

"I won't," I promised

This "speaking" to my daughter at the end of the holidays has become almost a family tradition. It takes the form of a mild exhortation in my study.

Item that A will be a good girl this term, and, in the words of Dick Bultitude's old nurse, "bring home a prize"; item that in addition to working hard A will play hard, but not too hard (digression here on "Games and the Girl"); item that A will not keep writing to me for money.

Such is the average homily. The ingredients vary hardly at all from term to term, and on this occasion I saw no reason to depart from the standard text. The interviews are rarely acrimonious, as Averil, if not a model child, is at any rate sensible for sixteen-and-a-half.

"Come into the study after lunch, will you?" I said in a kindly manner.

"Yes, Daddy," replied the victim submissively.

I thanked goodness, as I awaited Averil in the study after lunch, that she was not as some other girls. Some modern misses would doubtless resent my "speaking" to them. In their slangy loud-voiced way they would probably condemn me as "stuffy", they would treat me as virtually defunct. Not so Averil. She, bless her! would accept my remarks in the spirit in which they were offered. A tolerant flapper.

Judge then of my astonishment when she stamped into the room, strode up to my desk and exclaimed belligerently—

"Just a minute before you begin. This is the jaw, I suppose?"

"I wish just to say a few words to you with regard to next term," I replied. "I don't care for 'jaw'."

"And I," unexpectedly retorted my daughter, "don't care for jaw either. Listen to me, please. This sermon racket has got a hold on you. It's become an obsession. For three years—that's, let me see, three terms a year, nine times—yes, nine times you've had me in here and told me to be a good girl and bring home a prize. Well, by Heck," stormed Averil, "it's got to stop! D'you hear me? Have you anything to complain of in my conduct last term?"

I was so much affected by the outburst that I could only gulp and stare at her, and she went on in a kind of incisive rage.

"No, you haven't, and don't pretend you have. Have you any reason to think I'll behave badly this term? Have you, I say?"

"What is the meaning——?"

"Answer me and don't dither."

It was at this point that I decided to box my little daughter's ears. It cost



me a strong effort to make the heroic decision, because I love my little daughter but I felt that in this interview some sort of adjustment was now imperative, and I saw that the adjustment must be undertaken by myself. Hysteria must be checked. Grimly I rose.

"Sit down," Averil commanded.

I took two steps towards her and she pulled a revolver out of the pocket of her sports-coat, and she crooked her finger round the trigger. There was an unpleasant glint in her eyes.

"Sit down," she repeated, "at *once*."

I slunk into my chair.

"Now," said my daughter, with a look of contempt at my cowering form, "I'll do the talking."

She seized a chair, twirled it round and planted herself so that she confronted me with her elbows resting on the back of it and one hand lightly dangling the gun.

"There is a saying," she began, "that it's a wise child that knows its own father. Well, I know *you*, my man, and I'm going to hand you something for your own good. The boot's on the other leg this time, and we'll see how you like it. When I'm away at school this term you'll kindly behave *yourself*. Don't let's have any going off playing golf with Mr. Johnson on Wednesday mornings instead of going to the office. All play and no work. I know you. That sort of thing won't do at all. That's not the way to attend to business, that's the way to lose money. Yes, and talking of money, when I write and ask you for money, just you jolly well fork out—see? You may nod."

I nodded.

"I shall look for a marked improvement in you on my return," she continued, "and if I don't find it—well, I'm sorry for you, that's all. You play the game by me and I'll play it by you, but in future we won't have any more nonsense about 'a few words with regard to next term.' We don't want any more of *that*. You may shake your head. Don't speak. *Silence!*"

I shook my head hastily. My daughter surveyed me with a curling lip and got up from her chair.

"I've no more time to waste on you, so that will have to do for the present," she declared. "Well, good-bye, my man, take care of yourself, work hard, look after mother, remember what I've said to you, and *never*," she concluded with awful severity, "let me have to speak to you like this again."

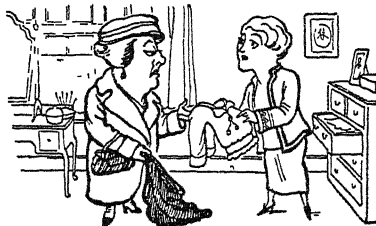
And with that she swept out of the room, leaving me such a huddled wreck that it was some time before I could grasp what had happened.

Great heavens! I had been bearded, browbeaten, bullied and threatened at the revolver point by my own daughter. The child must be ill—desperately ill. Dr. Jackson must be rung up at once. We might even—ghastly thought—have to have Averil certified.

## The Old Clothes Woman and her Bag



"I thought I'd better come in answer to your letter, Madam, but I am afraid it's no good as I'm overstocked already—



"Jumpers? Oh, they're very little use to me, Madam—



"Skirts? Oh, I doubt if I could dispose of them, Madam Haven't you any hats—



"Is this the best you can do, Madam? Haven't you got any trousers—



"Shoes? Nobody wants shoes, Madam Now if they had been boots, or trousers—



"Oh, but these have been worn, Madam They're no use—



"Brand new? Yes, but they're checks Can't you find any stripes—



"Well, Madam, these things are practically useless, they're a loss to me at five shillings. But I'll take them to oblige you."



### A FLUTTER IN THE DOVECOOT

INSET The Message

I leaped up from my chair only to cunge back into it as the door opened and Averil reappeared. She had changed into tennis things, but she held something in her right hand, and at the sight of it I blanched. Had she come back to finish me off?

"I looked in here a little while ago," she said.

"I know you did," I replied.

"Oh, then you *were* awake. You didn't look much like it. I didn't disturb you."

I sat up, blinking.

"Look here, Daddy," she hurried on, "it's long past three o'clock and I ought to be playing tennis with Audrey. Was it the usual 'heart-to-heart' about next term?"

"Well—yes—that is——"

"Bless you," affirmed my daughter, "I know it backwards. I'm to be a good girl and bring home a prize. Well, well, we'll see what we can do. D'you mind if I dash now? Oh, by the way, you left this in the garden."

She laid my pipe in front of me, kissed me lightly on the top of my head and was off like an arrow from a bow.

WOON



### THE TYRANNY OF SLANG

MISTRESS TO NEW MAID "Mary, you haven't half dusted the drawing-room"  
MARY (*highly gratified*) "Ah, not 'alf I 'aven't"



HUSBAND "Good heavens, a bluebottle! Rather late in the year for him to be out "

WIFE (*grimly*) "Oh, I've no doubt he'll have some plausible excuse when he gets home "

## Old Clothes

*Scene A Dressing-room Time · 11 30 A M*

*A large wardrobe stands open with all its drawers pulled out All other drawers in other articles of furniture in the room are also pulled out Little heaps of clothes, shirts, underwear etc , cover the floor, the bed, the chairs and the table SHE is standing in the midst of the ruin HE enters suddenly.*

HE Oh, you're here, are you ? I've been hunting for you all over the——  
I say, by Jove, what *have* you been up to with my clothes ?

SHE I'm just looking through them

HE But I never asked you to look through them

SHE. No, Charles, you didn't There are lots of things I do without being asked Who gets the buttons sewed on to your shirts ? Who has the naughty holes in your socks mended ? Who—— But, of course if you want me not to I'll never do it again, no never

HE But this isn't a button-sewing business. There are no holes in my coats and waistcoats, and if there were you couldn't mend them. Come, what's your game ?



LOVE'S RECORDS

NEWLY MARRIED WIFE "Darling, this is our twenty-seventh meal together"



"Mary, I want you to work well to-day and make the house look nice I'm having friends to-night "

"Well, you've been to a lot of parties yourself, Mum, so it's only right you should retaliate "

SHE. In the first place, you've no right to be here at all

HE *What!* Not in my own dressing-room? Isn't that a bit steep?

SHE I repeat, you've no right to be here You said you were going to London this morning, and——

HE I haven't gone. Changed my mind

SHE. A man has no business to change his mind For all practical purposes I consider you *are* in London You don't exist here I don't acknowledge you Go away, person I've nothing for you.

HE I'll soon show you if I'm here or not

[*HE seizes a heap of clothes and is about to restore them to the wardrobe.*]



MISTRESS, TO CHARLADY (*scathingly*) "There are two ways of doing things, Mrs Green—a right way and a wrong way "

CHARLADY (*somewhat piqued*) "Well, if yer don't mind, Miss, I prefer doin' 'cm me own way "

SHE Stop! Those clothes are mine

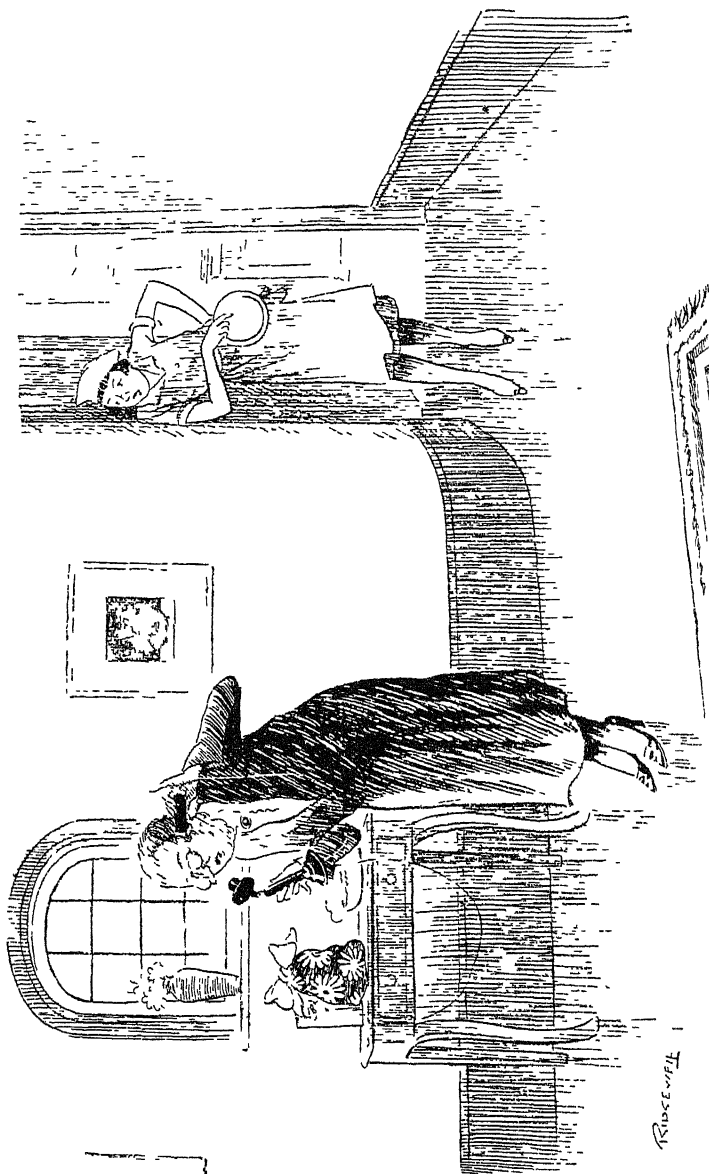
HE Yours! My old shooting surt!

SHE Yes, mine My dear Charles, you simply can't wear them any more They're falling to pieces, and what's left of them is inches deep in dirt I claim them

HE Well, you're not going to have them They're the only really comfortable shooting things I've ever had.

SHE Charles, it shall never be said that I wasn't reasonable You shall





*Rosevelt*

NFW MAID "If it's for me and 'e says 'is name's Bert, will you tell 'im—'Gladys says go and fry yer face?'"



NEW GENERAL (her mistress having rung the bell to know why luncheon isn't ready) "Would yer believe it, Mum? I set the oven going all right, but I forgot to put the meat in."



"How long do you boil eggs, Simpson?"

"While I smoke a cigarette, Ma'am, but some burn slower than others "

keep your dear old oily shooting things, but you must give me this brown suit instead It's a sacrifice, but for your sake I'll make it

HE But what in thunder do you want the clothes for? You can't wear them

SHE. And how do you expect Mrs Bradish's eldest boy to get a place as under footman if he hasn't got a decent suit to his back?

HE I never had any expectations of any kind about him I don't know him I don't know Mrs Bradish

SHE Well, it's high time you did How do you expect people not to be Socialists if you're going to be so haughty and exclusive?

HE Oh, stop it Who is she?

SHE Mrs Bradish is a widow She has five sons They all live in a cottage, and the sons all require clothes

HE So that's what you've been up to A little quiet clothes-stealing.

SHE Pooh!

HE What would *you* say if I were to have a turn amongst *your* clothes, and bag some of your frocks and things?

SHE I should say you were a very impudent person

HE. But what's the difference?

SHE All the difference in the world. Do you want Master Bradish to

offer himself for a footman in a frock of mine ? Really, Charles, you mustn't be so ridiculous

HE But I wanted to give that brown suit to Parkins

SHE A butler in a brown suit ? Charles, it's not to be thought of Besides, I don't like you to give your clothes to Parkins

HE Why not ? He valets me

SHE Well, I don't like it The fact is, I've noticed that your clothes look ever so much better on Parkins than they ever did on you

HE I've noticed that myself Can't make it out

SHE Oh, I don't know Parkins is a handsome figure of a man, you know Fine portly presence, good legs and——

HE We won't worry about Parkins's other points

SHE No, Charles Well, then, the brown suit's mine, and I shall want an extra pair of trousers—these stripy ones will do—and a shirt or two and a sock or so May I, Charles ?

HE Oh, take anything you like

SHE Generous, noble-hearted creature ! But you came up here to tell me something What was it ?

HE I only wanted to tell you I hadn't gone to London

SHE Well, tell me quick, and then you can run away



DOCTOR " And give him the capsules three times a day—or four if possible "

PATIENT'S BETTER HALF "Possible? You leave it to me, Sir I'll see that it's possible "



THE PROFESSOR "Isn't it wonderful, my dear? They've actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition "

HIS WIFE "I have always said, John, that it pays in the long run to buy the best "

### To a Very Ordinary Man

who, having failed to make any impression as a bachelor, has now secured, in the person of his new wife, a dazed admirer of his intelligence, and treats her accordingly

TWO months of " wedded bliss " had  
fared

(I use the phrase to custom dear)  
Since in those solemn rites I shared  
That closed your celibate career,  
When, Francis, at your kind request,  
I came to eat your mess of pottage,  
And brought (unasked) an eye to test  
Your scheme of love-birds in a cottage

Dinner produced the signs I sought  
Our trio prattled gay and free ,  
But when the theme demanded thought  
Your best remarks were made to *me* ,  
I gathered, though you loved her much  
(And love, of course, was all that  
mattered),  
You wished she had a lighter touch  
For picking up the pearls you scattered.



VICAR'S WIFE "I'm afraid I cannot offer you more than twenty-eight pounds a year Incumbencies nowadays cost more than they are worth"  
 CHERRY APPLICANT "Loi' bless yer, Mum, and well I knows it, 'avin' 'ad nine meself!"

You did not patently expose  
 This private yearning, need I say?  
 For men conceal their inward woes  
 And seldom give their wives away,  
 Indeed, when we discussed apart  
 What things to praise and what dis-  
 parage—  
 Weather and Edward Grey and Art—  
 There was no mention made of mar-  
 riage

Yet I divined the subtle change  
 When mixing with our world of men  
 Your wit had shown a modest range,  
 Nor soared above the average ken,

And now you owned—and this was  
 odd—

An audience (guaranteed by Cupid)  
 That took you for a little god,  
 And, in return, you found her stupid!

She may be so, but that concert  
 Comes with a sorry grace from you—  
 From one whose wife salutes his feet  
 With deference well beyond his due,  
 Rather be glad her brains are small,  
 For would she (pardon my acidity)  
 Ever have married you at all  
 But for her gift of sweet stupidity?

O S



COOK (*listening-in*). "'E's said it again!"  
MAID "What?"  
COOK "That we might be listening"  
MAID "Never mind, it didn't shut 'er up last time"



MUCH-TRAVELLED COOK (*arriving at new situation*) "Lumme, if I haven't half made a silly mistake! Why, I've been here before!"

### Lords Temporal

WE have eight clocks, called after the kind people who gave them to us. Let me introduce you—William, Edward, Muriel, Enid, Alphonse, Percy, Henrietta and John—a large family.

"But how convenient," said Celia. "Exactly one for each room."

"Or two in each corner of the drawing-room. I don't suggest it, I just throw out the idea."

"Which is rejected. How shall we arrange which goes into which room? Let's pick up. I take William for the drawing-room, you take John for your work-room, I take——"

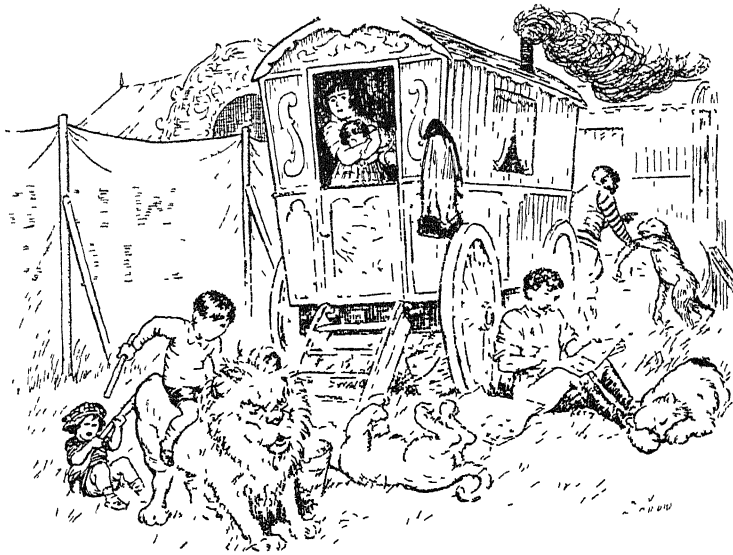
"Not John," I said gently. John is— John overdoes it a trifle. There is too much of John, and he exposes his inside—which is not quite nice.

"Well, whichever you like. Come on, let's begin. William."

As it happened, I particularly wanted William. He has an absolutely noiseless tick, such as is suitable to a room in which work is to be done. I explained this to Celia.

"What you want for the drawing-room," I went on, "is a clock which ticks ostentatiously, so that your visitors may be reminded of the flight of





#### SUNDAY MORNING

"Now, then, you kids, let 'im alone or you'll make youi father wild!"

time Edward is a very loud breather No guest could fail to notice Edward "

"William," said Celia firmly

"William has a very delicate interior," I pleaded "You could never attend to him properly I have been thinking of William ever since we had him, and I feel that I understand his case "

"Very well," said Celia, with sudden generosity , "Edward. You have William , I have Alphonse for the dining-room , you have John for your bedroom , I have Enid for mine , you——"

"Not John," I said gently To be frank, John is improper

"Well, Percy, then."

"Yes, Percy He is young and fair He shall sit on the chest-of-drawers and sing to my sock-suspenders "

"Then Henrietta had better go in the spare-room, and Muriel in Jane's."

"Muriel is much too good for Jane," I protested "Besides, a servant wants an alarm clock to get her up in the morning "

"You forget that Muriel cuckoos At six o'clock she will cuckoo exactly six times, and at the sixth 'oo' Jane brisks out of bed "

I still felt a little doubtful, because the early morning is a bad time for counting cuckoos, and I didn't see why Jane shouldn't brisk out at the seventh



CANVASSER "Is your mistress at home?"

MAID "No, she is not, and if she was she wouldn't be "

"oo" by mistake one day However, Jane is in Celia's department, and if Celia was satisfied, I was Besides, the only other place for Muriel was the bathroom, and there is something about a cuckoo-clock in a bathroom which—well, one wants to be educated up to it

"And that," said Celia gladly, "leaves the kitchen for John" John, as I think I have said, displays his inside in a lamentable way There is too much of John

"If Jane doesn't mind," I added "She may have been strictly brought up"

"She'll love him John lacks reserve, but he is a good tune-keeper"

And so our eight friends were settled But, alas, not for long Our discussion had taken place on the eve of Jane's arrival, and when she turned up next day she brought with her, to our horror, a clock of her own—called, I think, Mother At any rate, she was fond of it and refused to throw it away

"And it's got an alarm, so it goes in her bedroom," said Celia, "and Muriel goes into the kitchen Jane comes from the country, and the cuckoo reminds her of home That still leaves John eating his head off"

"And, moreover, showing people what happens to it," I added severely (I think I have already mentioned John's foible)

"Well, there's only one thing for it, he must go under the spare-room bed"

I tried to imagine John under the spare-room bed

"Suppose," I said, "we had a nervous visitor. and she looked under the bed before getting into it and saw John It is a terrible thought, Celia"



ASTONISHED LADY (as demonstrator of vacuum-cleaner empties the dust-bag) "I say, you won't tell anyone, will you?"

However, that is where he is. It is a lonely life for him, but we shall wind him up every week, and he will think that he is being of service to us. Indeed, he probably imagines that our guests prefer to sleep under the bed.

Now, with John at last arranged for, our family should have been happy, but three days ago I discovered that it was William who was going to be the real trouble. To think of William, the pride of the flock, betraying us!

As you may remember, William lives with me. He presides over the room we call "the library" to visitors and "the master's room" to Jane. He smiles at me when I work. Ordinarily, when I want to know the time, I look at my watch, but the other morning I happened to glance at William. He said "twenty minutes past seven." As I am never at work as early as that, and as my watch said eleven-thirty, I guessed at once that William had stopped. In the evening—having by that time found the key—I went to wind him up. To my surprise he said "six-twenty-five." I put my ear to his chest and heard his gentle breathing. He was alive and going well. With a murmured apology I set him to the right time and by the morning he was three-quarters of an hour fast.

Unlike John, William is reticent to a degree. With great difficulty I found my way to his insides, and then found that he had practically none to speak of at all. Certainly he had no regulator.

"What shall we do?" I asked Celia.

"Leave him. And then, when you bring your guests in for a smoke, you can say, 'Oh, don't go yet, this clock is five hours and twenty-three minutes fast.'"



VOICE OVER PHONE "Twins—all doing well "  
HARASSED FATHER "Er—sure you haven't got the wrong number?"



"I'm very worried, Nanny, about Master Guy's Report It says 'Unsatisfactory makes no progress' "

"It's a funny thing, Madam, because the Master's a very clever man, and you're not dull."

" Or six hours and thirty-seven minutes slow I wonder which would sound better Anyhow, he is much too beautiful to go under a bed "

So we are leaving him And when I am in the mood for beauty I look at William's mahogany sides and am soothed into slumber again . and when I want to adjust my watch (which always loses a little), I creep under the spare-room bed and consult John John alone of all our family keeps the correct time, and it is a pity that he alone must live in retirement

A A. M.



*John B. Keble*

CHARLADY "I don't mind comin' now an' again to oblige yer"

LADY "It's very good of you But what I really require is *daily* condescension"

### The Income-tax Collector to his Child

ALAS, if I should live to see  
That trustful little face  
Blush for, turn frow, or scowl at me,  
A parent in disgrace !  
Remember, when your Dad's reviled  
As though a human snake,  
He played the loathsome part, poor child,  
For bread-and-butter's sake.

Although his business is to squeeze  
The penniless for pelf,  
He does not gloat on agonies  
That can't enrich himself

Because their tax he must extort  
They curse his heart of stone,  
Forgetting that, to spoil his sport,  
He has to pay his own.

W K. H



MISTRESS "Did you water the ferns in the drawing-room, Norah?"  
NORAH "Yes, Mum. Can't you hear the water dripping on the carpet?"

### Carpentering in the Home

I HAD just turned the kitchen table upside down and was rubbing a little mutton suet on the saw when Fazackerley arrived. It was too late to hide. I hadn't even an opportunity of semaphoring the maid to say I was out. Fazackerley just strolled through and caught me suet-handed.

"Good evening, Faz," I said, entirely without enthusiasm.

Faz, in many respects, is quite a good fellow. At children's parties, for example, where energy counts for so much, he is invaluable. His impersonation of an ant-eater is something to be seen. But he lacks tact. He is far too masterful, too prodigal of advice and help.

"Hullo!" he cried, raising his eyebrows and making a grimace. "Trying to do something to the table?"

Instead of hanging the saw up immediately and pretending that the job was finished, I made the initial mistake of telling the truth.

"One of these legs is a bit short," I explained, "and as the table rocks slightly I am about to saw bits off the others. You can wait for me in the drawing-room."



MISTRESS "How did that happen?"

MAID "If you please I rubbed it too hard, Ma'am "

MISTRESS "Well, you'd better go and clean the silver at once "

But Fazackerley is not one of those men that wait in the drawing-room—or anywhere else. He prefers to help.

"If *one* of the legs is short," he began ponderously, "it must follow either that one of the others is also short—in which case two are too long—or that three are of the correct length, and the remaining one short. Do you follow?"

Rather than risk having all this over again I pretended to understand.

"Very well, then," resumed Fazackerley, "the next point is this: Have you ascertained the precise facts of the case? Have you measured up and tested?"

"A tiny chunk has to come off here," I replied, bringing the saw down to the ready and assuming as casual a tone as possible.

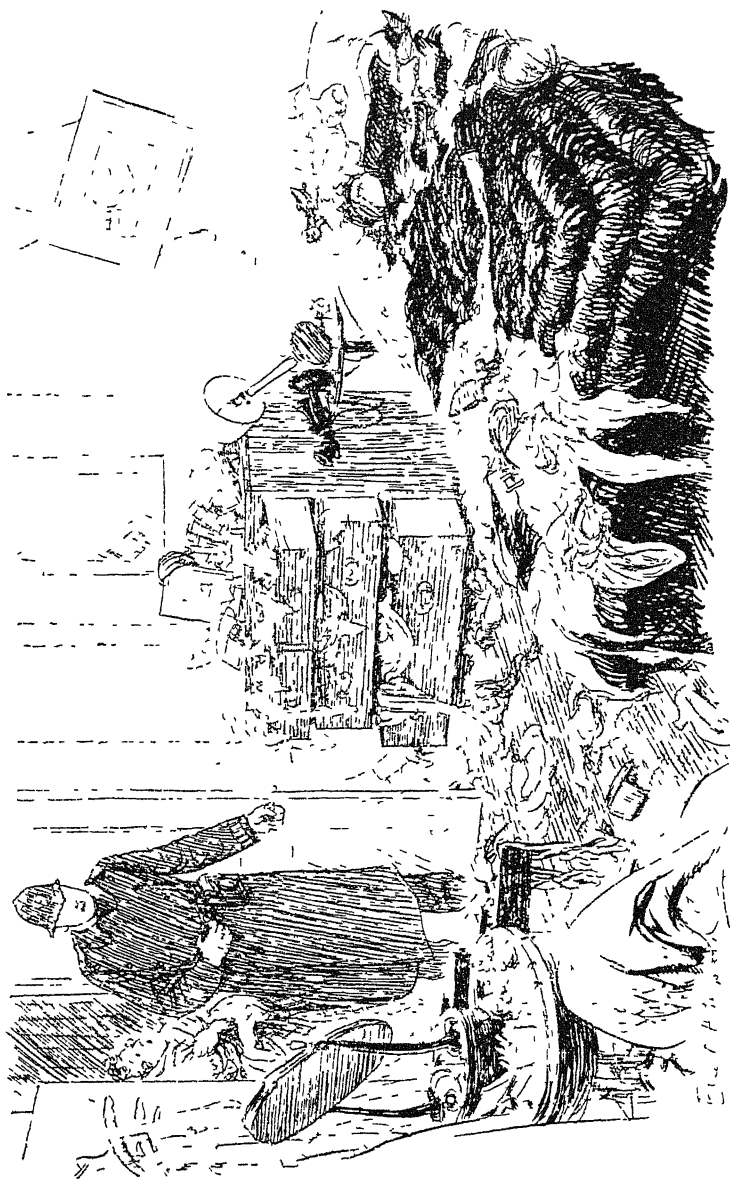
But Fazackerley was not to be denied. He insisted that the first thing to be done was to put the table on its legs again, rock it experimentally and then mark for the cuts. And when I returned to the kitchen with the tape-measure, three minutes later, Fazackerley was applying the rocking test. He was in his shirt-sleeves now, his head held to one side, his pallid brow wrinkled with thought.

"If you don't mind putting your weight on this corner," he remarked presently, "I'll take the measure and line out."

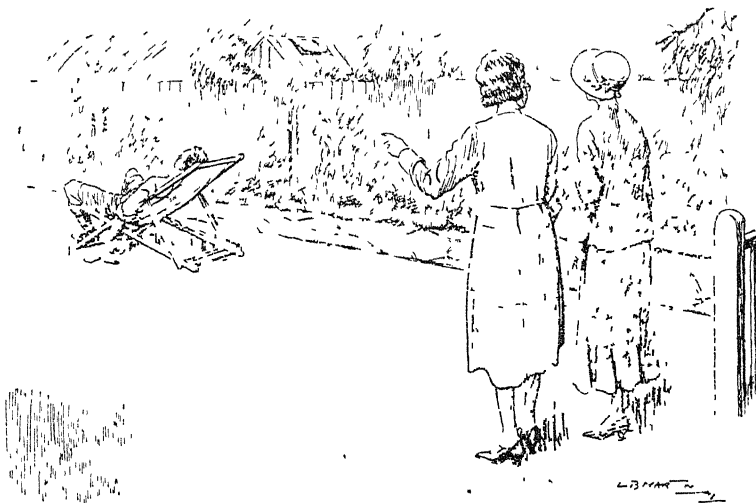




AUNT. "But, my dear boy, you must admit that it's the very people you dislike, the sober-minded, old-fashioned, law-abiding people, who have made England what it is."  
NEPHEW. "That's just it."



POLICEMAN (*making survey to investigate burglary*) "It's easy to see there's been old hands at work here, lady,"  
HOUSEHOLDER "Oh, they didn't come in here This is my daughter's room, she's been dressing for a dance."



HIKER'S WIFE (*to friend*) "There's my husband absolutely tired out. You see, dear, it's too much for him—hiking all day, and then he doesn't know that he walks in his sleep."

"Lining out" sounded so technical and efficient that I resigned all claims to leadership on the spot. "Here," I said to myself, "is a man who knows how."

Meanwhile, dropping to hands and knees, Fazackerley was shuffling about under the table, measuring to right and left as he went and endeavouring to commit the results to memory. Then briskly marking two of the legs, he rose to his feet, grasped the saw and pulled the table over with a crash.

Thoroughly impressed by this time, I held the legs while Fazackerley hacked lumps off them. Then—

"There you are!" cried he, kicking the stumps to one side, throwing the saw into a corner and readjusting his shirt-sleeves. "Up with her *now* and test for rocking!"

But there was no need to test. If the table rocked slightly before the advent of Fazackerley, it bucked like an Arab charger now. Fazackerley scratched his head.

"That's funny," he lied in a detached kind of voice. "And yet, come to think of it, I suppose it's natural. See what I've done?"

"Mucked the thing up," I suggested as calmly as my emotions would allow.

"In a way, yes," was the answer, "although not permanently. As an

instance of mental aberration this is most interesting I appear to have marked the short legs instead of the long ones. Curious to observe what a tremendous difference results."

He rocked the table absently as he spoke

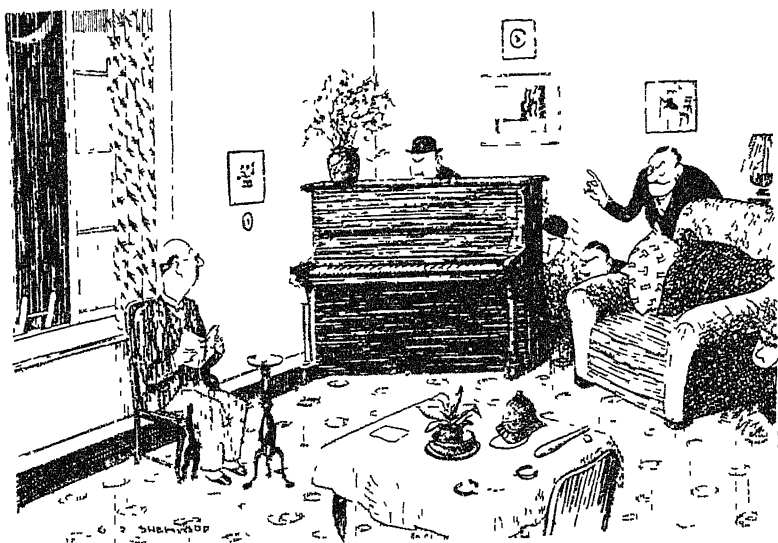
"It only wants a pair of arms and a cushion," I remarked with forced cheerfulness, "to turn it into a commodious rocking-chair"

Fazackerley reproved me sharply He pointed out that four simple measurements carefully taken and followed by two simple cuts would put things right in less than no time And once more, sinking my own better judgment, I allowed him to proceed

"Now," said he, after another rough-and-tumble with the saw, "if you'll be so good as to put her on her legs again, you'll find her as firm as a rock"

And so she was She might have been glued to the floor The only thing was that the top sloped down sharply to one side, like the roof of a lean-to The effect was dismal Fazackerley swore

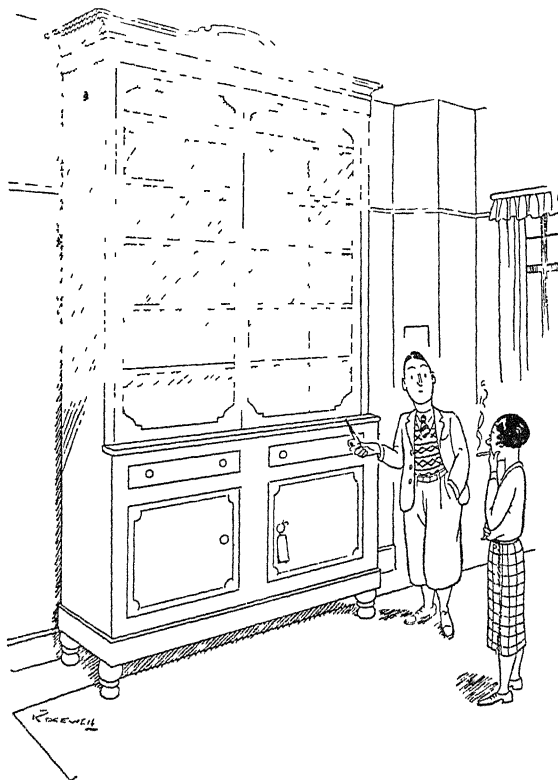
"That's your fault!" he broke out "You must have turned the rotten thing over on its wrong side See what I've done?"



DETECTIVE (to Master of the House) "Sh! Quiet! The burglar is just coming! Now remember, you're absorbed in your book, he hits you over the head with a jemmy or something, rushes to the table for the half-crown postal-order, and we spring out"

"Hazarding a rough guess," I replied, "you have now utterly ruined the filthy thing"

But Fazackerley wouldn't hear of it Two simple cuts, he explained, would



bring her back to an even keel again What is more, he persuaded me to let him perform the operation

"Slightly down by the head," was his verdict after the test that followed "Now we'll have a weeny bit off these two"

But I didn't see eye to eye with him I even made so bold as to wrench the saw from his eager grasp and announce my intention of finishing the job for myself Which I did

Nine o'clock was striking when, stumbling over the sawn-off stumps, we retired from the scene of ruin. Fazackerley was in the best of spirits

"Much as you have detracted from the general appearance of the table," said he, "your perseverance has been magnificent Anything is better than a wobbly

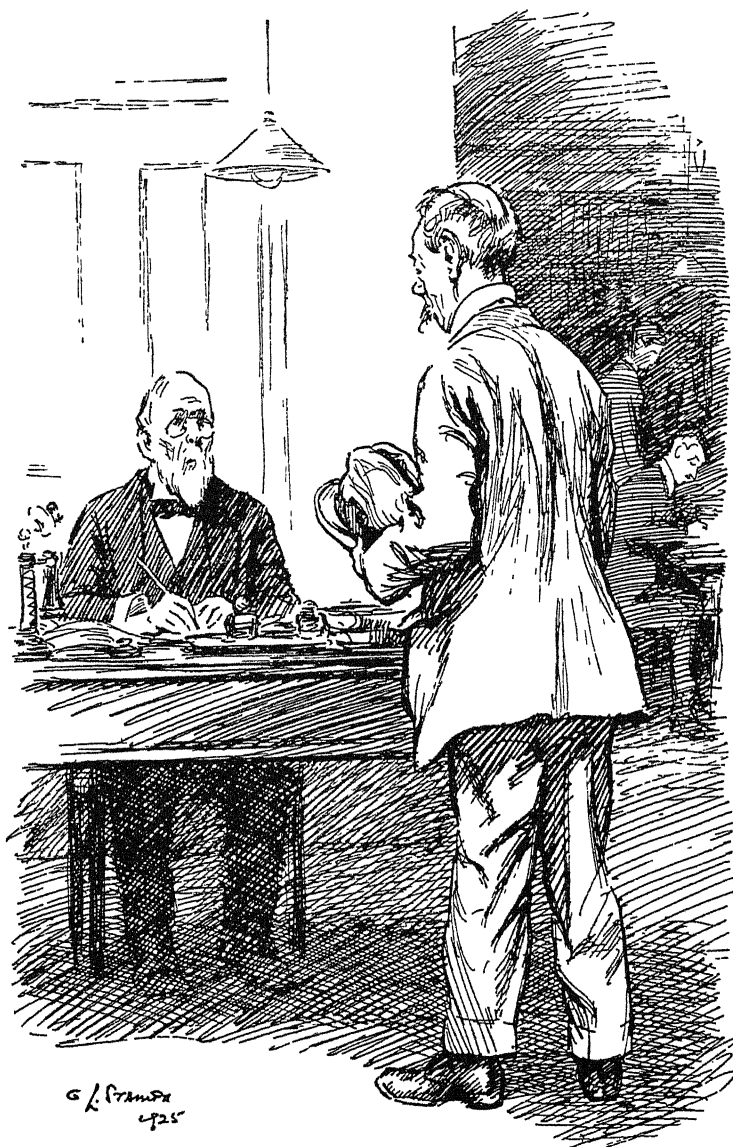
"Of course, dear, it's awfully nice of your aunt to leave this to us in her will, but I suppose you realise it means buying one or two books"

bit of furniture And if you will only remember to keep that Post Office Guide under the near off leg, you will never regret the trouble you have taken"

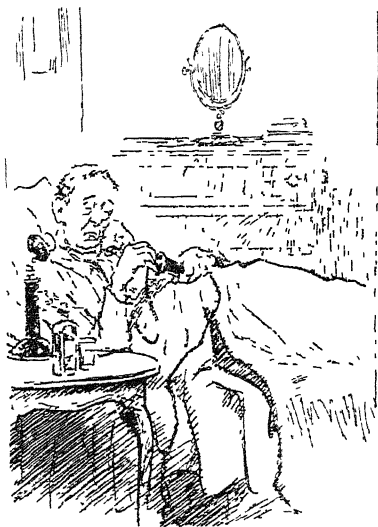
Not a sound broke the stillness of the room I was too busy calculating whether I should take six inches off the chair legs so as to bring them into register, or whether we should train our maid to feed *à la Japonaise*.



Mrs. Montague-Jones kindly allows the maid to invite her fiancé to tea.



"I want a birth certificate and an unemployment form for my infant son."



INVALID DOCTOR (*applying stethoscope to receiver and addressing patient*)  
 "Say ninety-nine"

## The Heirloom

(Lines to a Daughter)

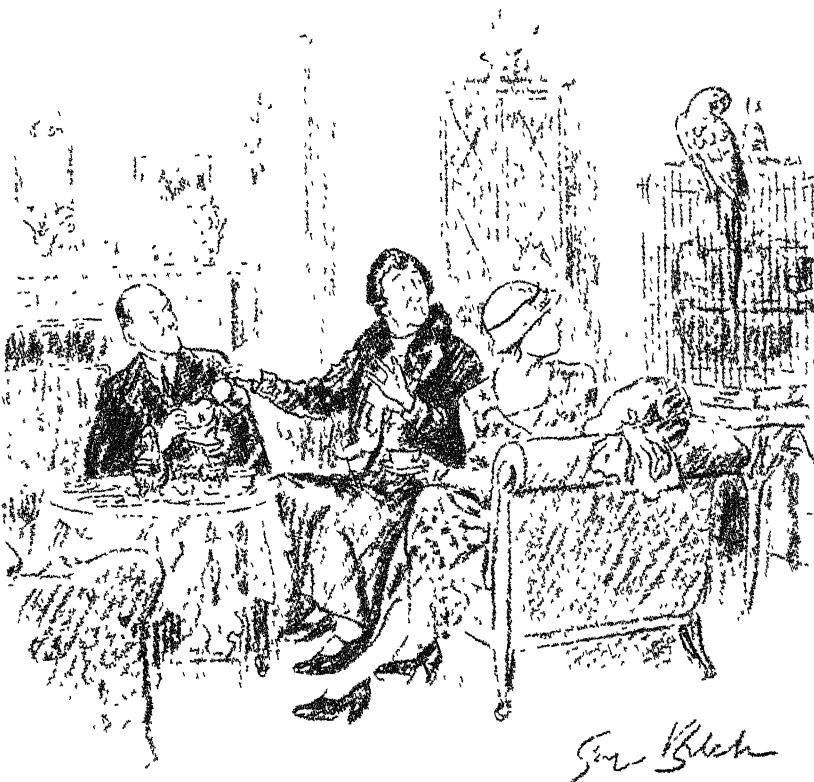
WHEN we have finished all the buns  
 And nearly all the tea,  
 When silence falls and everyone's  
 As bored as they can be,  
 The visitors in sheer despair  
 Regard you with a knowing air  
 And then in unison declare  
 How like you are to me !

"It is the mouth," the liars say,  
 "Or something in the pose,"  
 "The eyebrows, or that funny way  
 Of turning in her toes",  
 All over your unhappy frame  
 Resemblances themselves proclaim,  
 But none suggest, for very shame,  
 That you have got my nose.

This is the nose that, age by age,  
 Adorns our ancient line,  
 Full many a Prelate, Prince and Sage  
 In carven stone recline—  
 All, all distinguished more or less  
 By this peculiar nosiness,  
 Though few of theirs, I must confess,  
 Were quite as large as mine

Men gaze at it when one goes by  
 As at a monstrous freak,  
 Which—one can see it in their eye—  
 They simply long to tweak,  
 Nor is it nothing that one has  
 At many a rude unmannered Jazz  
 Been mentioned generally as  
 "The fellow with the beak"





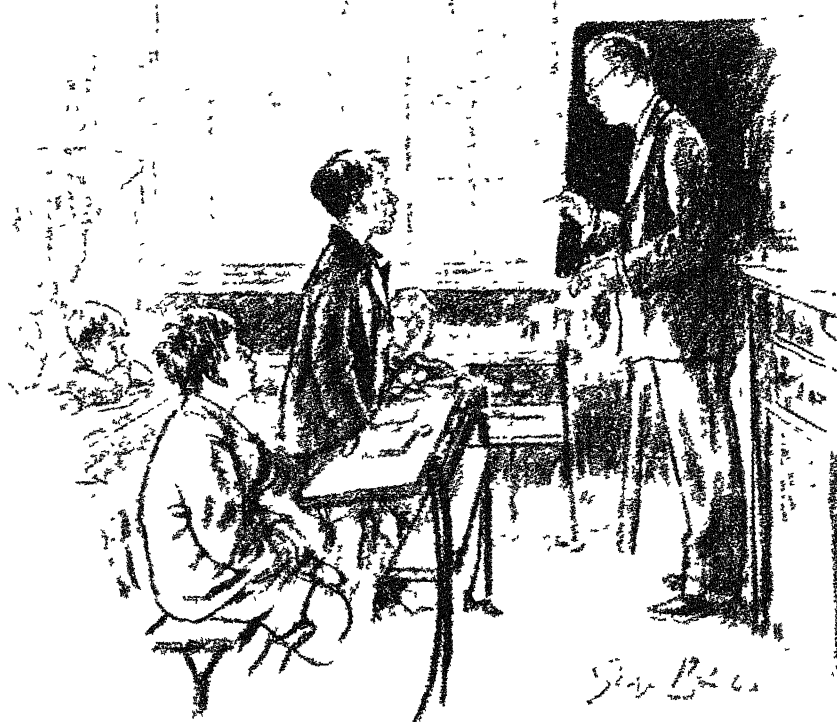
MACAW (*which has recently been kept in kitchen, hearing front door bell*)  
 "Let 'em ring, dearie—let 'em ring!"

But, though with filial pride I wear  
 This relic of the past,  
*Your* nose, I trust, is *not* the heir  
 Of the ancestral cast,  
 For men are foolishly inclined  
 To noses of a different kind,  
 Less angular, if less refined,  
 And just a shade less vast

Your mother's, now, is straight and  
 small,

The sort young men prefer,  
 Though she is not what I should call  
 A perfect character,  
 So, if you hope to be a bride,  
 I offer you this simple guide—  
*Just be a bit like me (inside),*  
*But look a lot like her.*

A. P. H.



TEACHER "What is meant by the King's Pardon?"

BOY "Please Sir, 'The King's Pardon' is what you get when you have triplets"

### The Complaint of the Average Man

THIS life is but a drab affair  
To humble folk like me who tread  
The cool sequestered valley where  
Distinction's light is never shed

For us to-day is yesterday  
Repeated, and to-morrow brings  
No respite from the interplay  
Of common tasks with common things

And when three thousand years have been  
Turned out by Time's eternal looms,  
No man will boast of having seen  
The glories of our rifled tombs

The archæologist will see  
From relics scanned and laid aside  
We had no other history  
Than "Lived, paid Income Tax and  
died"

## The Economist

PAUSING at my study door I said very gravely, "On no account must I be disturbed," and turned the handle

"Why not?" asked Mollie brightly

I compressed my lips, jutted forward my chin and infused into my eyes a particularly penetrating expression. In other words I tried to look like a chartered accountant

"I am going to inquire thoroughly into my financial position," I said with clear, sharp utterance. "I am about to prepare a balance-sheet."

Mollie smiled, the sort of smile she releases when I say that I'll see what's wrong with the kitchen range

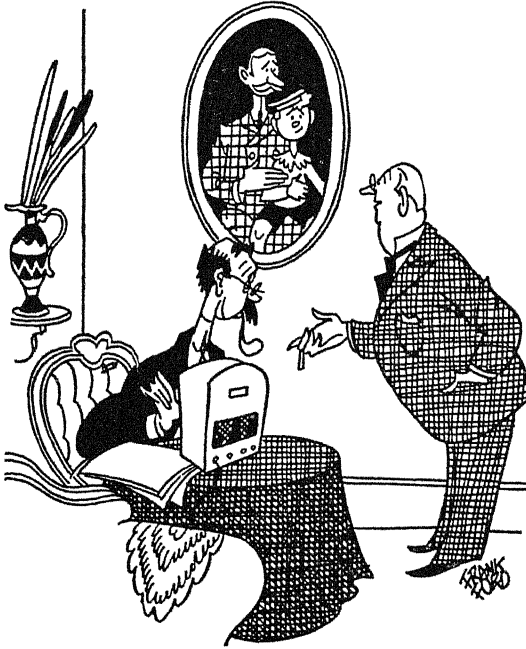
"And I fear," I went on with even clearer, sharper utterance, "I shall find the position utterly untenable."

Mollie laughed, the sort of laugh she emits when I describe someone's frock to her. I wagged a warning finger. "I greatly fear," I continued,

"I shall find we are absolutely bankrupt and that, if we were a Bank, we should have to hang out a 'Payment Suspended' notice and close our doors."

"Oh, do let's," pleaded Mollie, "and see what happens."

I entered the study and closed the door very briskly. A few minutes later I was seated at the table with a double sheet of foolscap in front of me. On the left side of the paper I wrote the word **ASSETS** and on the right **LIABILITIES** in large, imposing characters. Then I paused. I couldn't make up my mind which side Mollie ought to go on, because, you see, sometimes she's one and sometimes she's the other. Eventually I compro-



"I say, who's the ventriloquist?"

"What do you mean? That's myself and my father, taken when I was six."



"For heaven's sake don't quarrel with me in the street, Martha  
What have we got a home for?"

mised by putting her on both sides, adding "as *per contra*" after her name among the ASSETS, the way the Banks do with Bills for Collection

I was about to pass on to the next item when Mollie burst into the room. There was a look of high resolve in her eyes and an air of general uplift about her I, who am a keen psychologist (and, what's more, a very clever one), deduced instantly the morbid ecstasy of self-sacrifice

"I've decided I won't," she announced thrillingly.

"Won't what?" I grunted, for had I not given orders that I was not to be disturbed?

"Won't let you do it," explained Mollie earnestly, "won't let you give me that ten-guinea coat for a Christmas present"

Instantly I struck out Mollie's name from the LIABILITIES

"Thank you," I said gratefully

And I *was* grateful The fact was my bank balance was not at all well It had never been strong, but latterly it seemed to be sinking fast. I feared consumption, it was just fading away When I went to the Bank in the mornings I sometimes quite dreaded asking the doctor—I mean the cashier

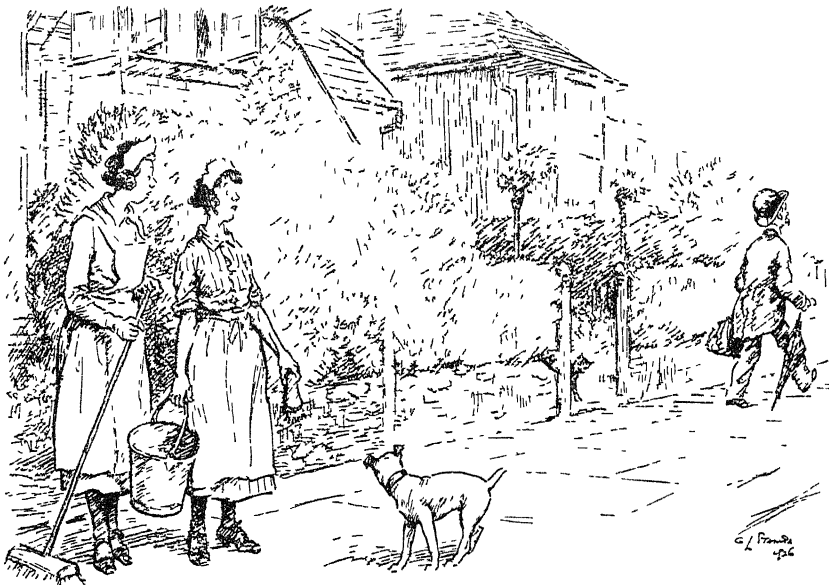


— our wags 27 —

"Now that the last bus has gone, my dear, you can put the pictures straight."



"Yes, Rupert, that's an Aspidistra. Mother was feeling a little homesick "



FIRST DOMESTIC SERVANT (*referring to her neighbour's master*) "What's your Bit o' Trouble's 'usband?"

SECOND DITTO "'Im! Oh, 'e's somethin' in the City, but 'e ain't nothin' at 'ome"

—how it was, some day, I knew, he would shake his head and, dropping his voice, would tell me that the little sufferer had passed away peacefully during the night

"I know," Mollie went on commiseratingly, "that you've had an awful lot of expense lately"

"I have, I have," I agreed eagerly (She was referring, of course, to the new curtains and chair-covers)

"Yes," sighed Mollie, "what with your losses at Auction and your new golf clubs and those boxes and boxes of cigarettes and all the good paper you waste and the two penny stamps on the envelopes you have always to enclose And so I've decided to do without the ten-guinea coat for Christmas It's an extravagance—and we *must* be economical, mustn't we?"

"We must," I said sternly. I meant *she* must.

"Yes," acquiesced Mollie. "I won't accept anything from you this Christmas"—I beamed at her—"except what I really *need* Necessities are, of course, different. And I really *need* a simple evening frock."

Instantly I deleted Mollie's name from the ASSETS side of my balance-

sheet A simple evening frock would cost far more than the ten-guinea coat, indeed, if it were simple enough, it would cost at least twice as much

"I want to help you all I can," she continued with a graceful gesture of abnegation "Think no more about the coat. I don't really mind—not awfully," and she gave a little gulp

"Nonsense," I said, striving to sound cheery and Christmassy, "you—you shall have the coat I—I've set my heart on giving it to you"

Molhe's eyes were star-like "But—can you *afford* it? Are you *sure* you can afford it?"

"Yes, yes"

"And you really *want* to give it to me? Awfully, I mean?"

"Awfully," I groaned

She came to me and put her arm round my neck

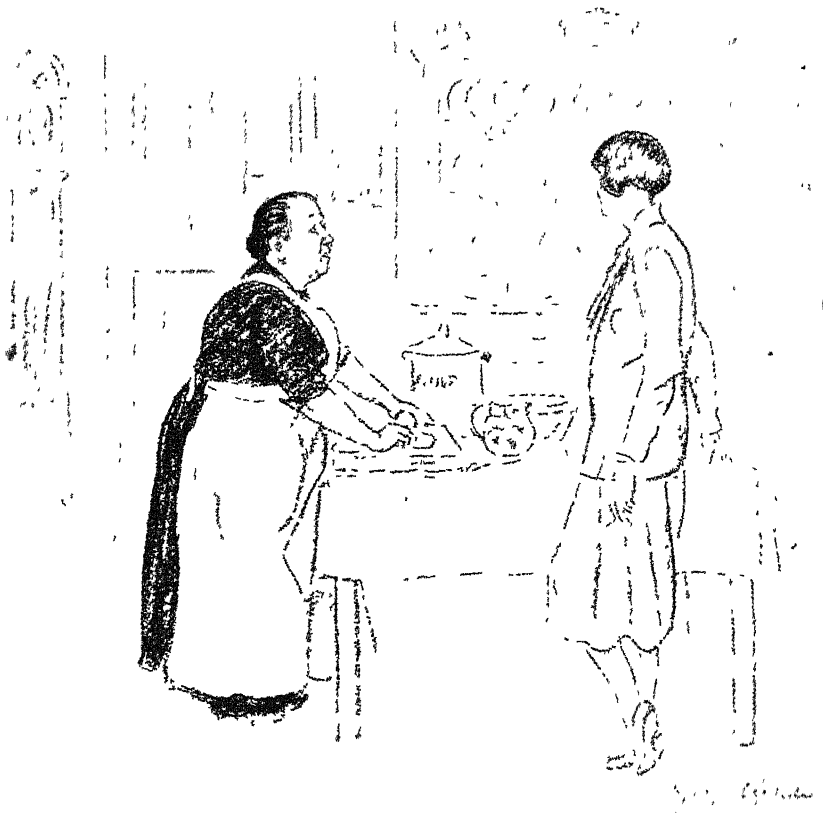
"You dear old extravagant thing!" she gurgled "All right I'll give in to you this once And you can give me the necessity on New Year's Day—then it'll come into next year's balance-sheet See how I save your money!"

Across the LIABILITIES side of my financial statement I scrawled the one word, Molhe.



WIFE (to husband, returning home thoroughly soaked) "Doesn't it feel delicious after the storm?"





DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE (*discussing dismissal of flighty housemaid*)  
 "It's a great pity about Sarah, Cook"  
 COOK "Yes, Miss, you're right. It is a pity. But it's done now, and  
 what's done can't be underdone"

### A Ballade of Addresses

<p>WHAT shall we christen our little home,          One of a hundred all in a row,          Lining a road that may lead to Rome          (That's dragged in for the rhyme, I know),          Where the buses ply to and fro,          Hooting as demons that hoot for glee          Over their prey in the realms below?          Kozikot is the name for me!</p>	<p>Brave with gable and tower and dome          (Drains by "The Popular Plumbing Co."),          Flaunting curtains of mauve and chrome,          Say, shall we label it Mon Repos,          Sandringham, Belmont, Fontainebleau,          Victory Villa, Ben Machree,          Dolce Domum, or Felixstowe?          Kozikot is the name for me!</p>
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CHATTY CHARLADY "I took to you from the very fust, Ma'm, you 'avin'  
the same name as the undertaker wot buried my pore 'usband"

What do you say to Parracombe,  
Bettws-y-coed, San Remo,  
Chez Nous, Camelot, Happiholme,  
Hythe, The Juggery, Winterslow,  
Wywurnie, Abbotsford, Westward  
Ho !  
Bella Vista, The Rosary,

But and Ben, or The Durdans ? No  
Kozikot is the name for me !

ENVOY

Prince, I envy no proud château,  
Goguenard, Gaillard or Sans Souci ,  
One name alone sets my heart aglow—  
Kozikot is the name for me !

## The Movement towards Womanliness

"WOMEN," she told me with a certain grave emphasis, "have got to grow more womanly"

"Back to Victoria," I agreed with enthusiasm; "or even further still"

"Is there a further still?" she asked

"One could inquire," I said. "At any rate back to chaperons again Every girl must have her chaperon once more"

"If you think," she exclaimed with a touch of heat, "that any woman not absolutely bedridden is going to spend her time running after every wretched little flapper that her relatives choose to plant on her while they go out enjoying themselves, you're wrong No wonder chaperons rose up and freed themselves once for all If any young girl thinks she is going ever again to force us under that yoke—No!"

"The chaperon," I explained deprecatingly, "I only meant for a symbol,



"Do you see that mark on the wall? When our boy was at Cambridge he jumped as high as that"

"Did he really? But I suppose the ceiling was higher there"



NEW PLUTOCRAT (to the other members of the house-party) "All right—I'll pay."

for a sign of that return to a gentle, clinging dependence which will surely mark a re-born womanliness "

"That," she cried earnestly, "is what we want. We don't think a true woman ought ever to do anything that's a bore, there ought always to be men anxious to do it for her "

"Yes," I agreed; "and things like cocktails and cigarettes, they should be finally branded as unwomanly "

"You mean," she asked with a certain hostility in her manner, "that men are to be allowed to keep all the good things for themselves alone? Being womanly doesn't mean that "

"At least," I pleaded, "you'll return to the days when a skirt was a skirt and not merely an elongated bodice "

"Well, anyhow," she retorted sharply, "an elongated bodice, as you call it, is better than what wasn't so much a skirt as a carpet-sweeper "

"At any rate," I urged, "you agree that for the future it must be the leading article of a woman's creed that her home should come first? "

She nodded gravely "One of our principal points," she said "What would be the fun of going out if you couldn't feel that you were leaving your stuffy old home behind? "

"Then, too," I went on, encouraged, "you'll agree there are certain professions in which men should be free from woman's competition—I mean occupations to which men are obviously from the nature of things better suited?"

"Oh yes," she agreed, "every woman knows her dressmaker must be a man, and somehow it seems that a really good cook must always be a man. That's in the absolute nature of things and can't be disputed. But then there are other professions that ought to be kept for women, professions that wear smart uniforms, for instance. It does seem such a dreadful waste to

dress up a lot of mere men in such lovely clothes—gold lace, and perfect dreams of hats, and boots that are just too beautifully Russian, and all wasted on the Horse Guards every day at ten sharp."

"Well, then," I asked, "how do you intend to set about growing more womanly?"

"Our starting-point," she explained, "is that a woman is never so truly a woman as when she is truly herself, when she is in fact realising her own personality. That is our ideal, if you understand."

"I think I do," I said. "You mean when she is doing just whatever she happens to want to do?"

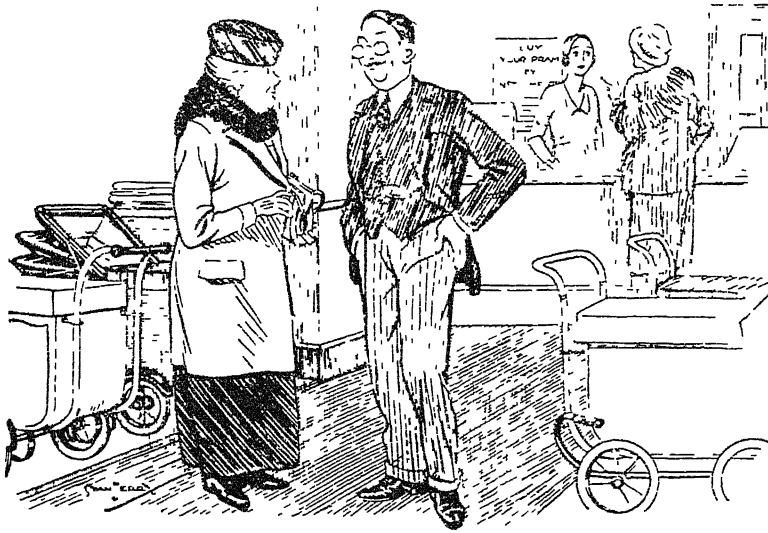
"That is not," she complained, "a very nice way of putting it, but it is rather what we mean."

E. R. P.



LAZY HUSBAND. "I see there's talk of another strike."

WIFE. "Yes, an' if you was 'arf a man you'd get a job an' be able to go on strike too."



"I want to pay the last instalment on the baby's pram "  
 "Thank you, Madam The baby, I trust, is quite well?"  
 "Yes, thanks She's getting married next week "

### To Julia, in Envy of her Toughness

WHEN I, in this revolting weather,  
 As served throughout the Arctic  
 zone,  
 Just keep my soul and flesh together  
 By wearing things that weigh a stone,  
 And find that you go undefeated  
 In clothes that let the blast blow through,  
 I marvel why my sex is treated  
 As much the tougher of the two

When Earth is wrapt in frosty vapour  
 And barren boughs with snow are  
 fledged,  
 Your callous legs still love to caper  
 In summer hose of silk (alleged) ,  
 While I, if thus I mocked the blizzard  
 Or rashly dared the bitter rime—  
 I should be stricken in the gizzard,  
 I should be dead in three days' time

Having survived the day's exposure  
 At eve you bare your hardy spine,  
 Marking that exhibition's closure  
 At well below the old waist-line ,  
 This seems to cause your lungs no trouble,  
 Yet if I danced *sans* shirt and vest  
 I should incur pneumonia (double)  
 And in a week or so go West

How comes it you enjoy a measure  
 Of nudity to me denied ?  
 Is it because your frame, my treasure,  
 Is coated with a coarser hide ?  
 I fear you'll deem this view abhorrent,  
 So let me add, to break the blow,  
 You are—and will remain, I warrant—  
*The nicest pachyderm I know*

## The Boy and His Parents

A BOY'S manner towards his parents should be condescending and even friendly, but it is a mistaken kindness to admit them to too much familiarity

He should, as far as convenient, adopt approximately the hours appointed by his parents for meals

He will easily realise the advantage of having a parent at table, as a butt or foil.

He may always safely assume that his parents' views are out of date

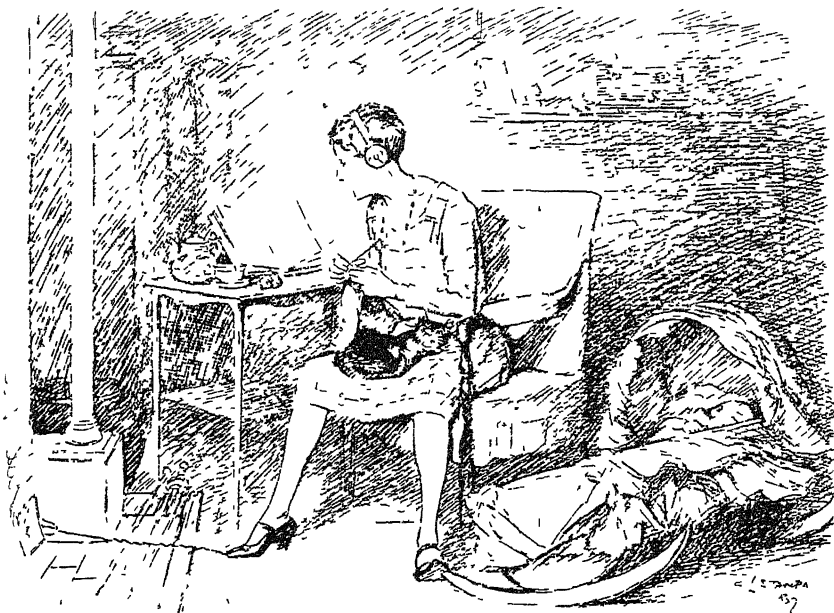
In any case he should guard against allowing it to be imagined that any intelligent idea, accidentally propounded by them, had not previously occurred to him

He is not called upon to notice any attempts at humour ventured upon by either of them



SITUATION Burglar caught red-handed.

WOMAN. "The sorce o' the feller! 'E pretended to be my 'usband and called out, 'It's all right, darlin'—it's only me' It was the word 'darlin'' wot give 'im away."



### THE STRENUOUS LIFE

It should always be borne in mind that they are subject to the disadvantage of having spent their early years without his guidance and example

It may be safely asserted that in no case can a boy's good qualities be attributable to his parents or otherwise than to himself

At the same time he should give them the credit of having originally contributed, in a modest degree, to the fortunate circumstance of his having come into existence

A parent's errors may proceed from the head, from the heart, or from both, while a boy is not liable to error, and allowance should be made accordingly

Parents must not wonder if their boy feels unable to recognise them at school or at college

A boy should never despair of improving his parents

He should permit them to express an opinion before correcting it, and when doing so his manner should be expressive rather of pity than of contempt

He should avoid demonstrative ridicule for his parents' friends

Finally, a boy is not called upon to acknowledge a parent's letter unless accompanied by a remittance



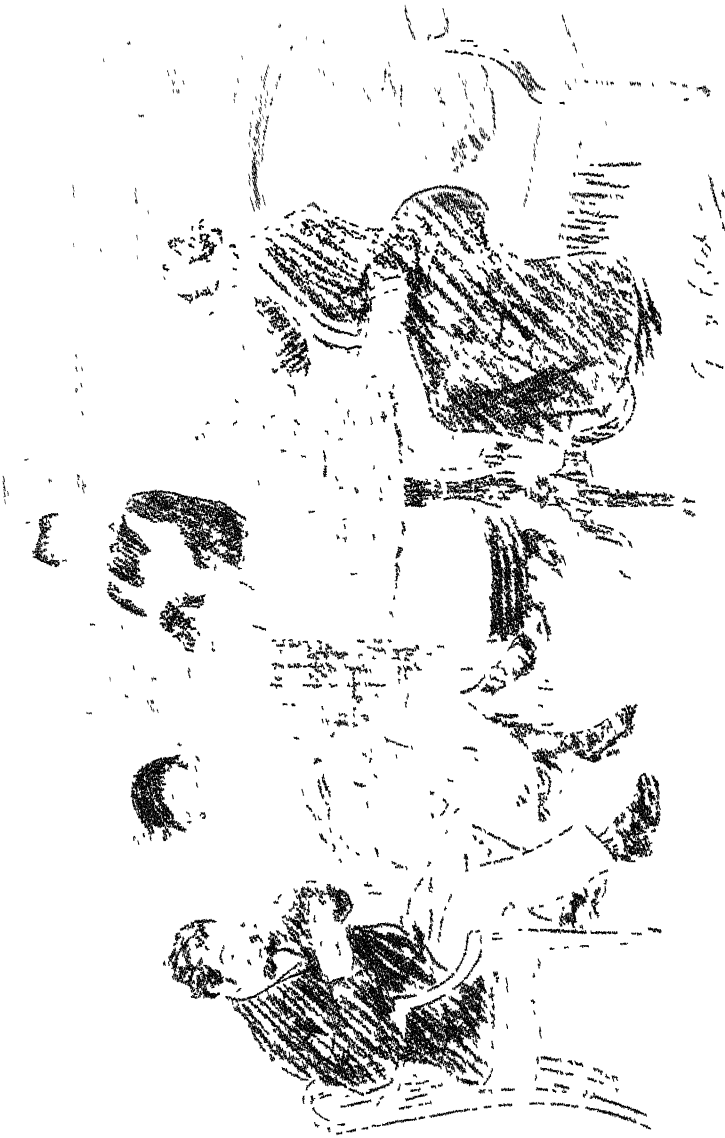


LADY (*engaging servant for country cottage*). "Of course there are no lamps to do. You see, I have the electric light."

MOTHER "Well, Mum, she's a bright girl and she'll soon master the electric light."



DISAPPOINTED WIFE (*whose newly-shingled hair has aroused no comment*),  
"Lummy! Anyone could 'ave their 'ead cut off before you 'd notice anything!"



SERVANT (*rebuked for bringing in a dirty cup*) "Funny thing, Mum, I always seem to hit upon this one when you have company."

## To My Collar Stud

**N**O pæan majestic my brain can  
 inspire,  
 No harmonies subtle I strike on my lyre,  
 A commonplace subject is this that I  
 touch,  
 But one that concerns me and worries me  
 much  
 Perhaps it may seem rather foolish to  
 sing,  
 About such a very diminutive thing,  
 Perhaps I am dragging my Muse through  
 the mud,  
 In mentioning you, little ivory stud

I'm one of those rather unfortunate men  
 Who have to be up in the City by ten,  
 But many and oft are the mornings when  
 I've  
 Slept peacefully on until eight forty-five  
 A tram I must catch at a quarter-past  
 nine,  
 And I've an objection to running it fine,  
 With dressing and breakfast there's  
 plenty to do,  
 It's really too much to be hindered by you

But that's the occasion on which you  
 will fix  
 To show off your most diabolical tricks,  
 Directly you see me approaching your  
 lan,  
 For violent action at once you prepare  
 Your cosy retreat I begin to explore,  
 And seizing your chance you slip down  
 on the floor,  
 Then over the carpet you silently roll  
 To some inaccessible corner or hole

Oh, evil the passions that you can create,  
 For I am reduced to a terrible state,

I'm rather snort-sighted, and loudly I  
 curse  
 (My sight may be bad, but my language  
 is worse)  
 I can't do without you, as doubtless you  
 know,  
 But vainly I search for your shape, high  
 and low,  
 Your fiendish skill all my agility mocks  
 And wildly I dash round the room in my  
 socks

I shake out my garments, I grovel and  
 grope,  
 It's close upon nine and I give up all  
 hope,  
 But just as the clock points to five  
 minutes past,  
 In one of my boots you're discovered at  
 last  
 I finish my toilet, five minutes remain,  
 My breakfast I bolt on the way to the  
 train,  
 Then pangs of acute indigestion ensue—  
 Another misfortune that's owing to you

And during the day my acquaintances  
 find  
 That I'm not at all in a nice frame of  
 mind,  
 Of course they *will* get upon quite the  
 wrong track  
 In putting it down to a liver attack  
 Though kindly disposed before leaving  
 my bed,  
 I'm grumpy and most discontented  
 instead,  
 My good resolutions are nipped in the bud,  
 And you are the cause, you diminutive  
 stud!

P G



"Well, Uncle, what do you think of our set?"  
"They're not so much a set as odd bits and pieces."

## The Clean Cut

THE Mayfields were at what is known as the cross-roads. After seven years of marriage they had decided to separate. Not a divorce . just an amicable but definite separation. He would resume his bachelor ways in a London flat and she would take a little cottage in the country. No rancour, the clean cut. It was a pity, said their friends, but not unexpected, they had not enough in common and they were both too independent. They did not really need marriage, either of them. Some people don't.

The house had enough furniture for both and they had arranged how to divide it. Everything that Mrs Mayfield—Alice—wanted was marked with a single piece of stamp-paper, everything that Leo wanted was marked with two pieces. The pantechmicon people couldn't go wrong. The single marks were to go to Chalfont St Giles, the doubles to Cragadour Mansions, W 2.

The allotment completed, they sat down in the dining-room and drank tea.

"Well," said Alice, "that's that."

"Yes," said Leo.

There was a pause.

"I little thought, seven years ago, it would come to this," said Leo.

"When did you begin to think it?" Alice asked. "Pretty soon after, I fancy."

"Yes," he said. "I found many things irksome, and you never made a home for me—not what I call a home."

"You weren't in it very much," said Alice.

"No," he said, "perhaps that's why. It wasn't the kind of place to ask my friends to. You—you never liked them."

"I tried to," said Alice.

"Yes," he said, "I know. I could see you trying, and that's what hurt."

"One doesn't naturally like one's husband's old friends," said Alice.

"Nor one's wife's," said Leo. "Probably the perfect way is to give them up at the altar. But it's not a way that suits me."

"Nor me," said Alice. "Besides, it's absurd to suppose that a husband, however charming, can take the place of all one's earlier friends, comprise them all in himself, so to speak. But that's what so many men seem to think right."

"Don't let's talk about it any more," said Leo. "The great thing is that we now understand each other and are behaving so sensibly. The clean cut. Other people would go on getting on each other's nerves."

Alice shuddered.

"Tell me one thing," said Leo. "There's no one else you care for?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Alice fervently. "Nor you?"

"Most certainly not," said Leo. "I shall now live my own life in the solitude that I most enjoy, and in rooms that correspond to my taste and to



MOTHER (*having at last secured the attention of her audience*) "And the handsome Prince was saying to the Beggar-maid——"  
 SERVANT (*entering*) "Please, 'm, we're out of onions"

my taste alone And you," he added, " will be equally well placed, I hope "

" Yes," said Alice

" Are you going to write to me ?" asked Leo

" I hope not," said Alice " Why ?"

" I thought perhaps you might," said Leo

" No," said Alice , " the clean cut is best And all our financial affairs are in order "

" How do you propose to behave if we happen to run into each other in public ?" Leo asked " At a restaurant, for example ?"

" I shan't throw any vitriol, if that's what you mean," said Alice " I suppose we should act like any other civilised couple who realised that they were happier apart "

" I only wanted to know," said Leo, rising " And what are you going to do now ?" he asked

" I'm going to stay with Eva for a few days," said Alice, " and then she'll come down and help me move in And you ?"

" I've got a room at the club," said Leo. " I think I'd better be going there now. Can I give you a lift ?"

"No," said Alice "I've not quite done yet"

"I hope none of the stamp-paper will come off," said Leo as he left  
"Well, good-bye and good luck!"

"Don't forget your gargling," Alice cried after the retreating taxi

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days later, as Alice was sitting with her sister, she was told she was wanted on the phone

"Who is it?" she asked

"Mr Mayfield," said the maid

Alice looked inquiringly at Eva "Shall I go?" her eyes asked  
Eva nodded

"Very well" said Alice, and she left the room

"What is it?" she asked as she put the receiver to her ear "Alice Mayfield speaking"

"Oh, is that you?" said Leo "I'm awfully sorry to bother you, but things at the flat are in a shocking mess I wondered if you'd come round and arrange the furniture for me"  
E V L



MISTRESS "Can you explain how it is, Jane, that whenever I come into the kitchen I always find you reading?"

JANE "I think it must be them rubber 'eels you wears, Ma'am"





*St. John B. B. B.*

MISTRESS "You aren't going, Mrs Stubbins?"  
CHARLADY "Yes, I am, Miss If I stay 'ere all day I shan't be fit for the  
whist-drive to-night "



PROFESSOR "I really think there must be something peculiar about my hat, for this morning some little boys inquired where I had purchased it, and do you know Marion, for the life of me I couldn't remember"



"Dear Pater,—Things are a bit tight for me at the moment, and a small check would suit me nicely "

### The Changeling

" GREY were her eyes as the deeps of  
 A mountain-locked water,  
 Pink as the bloom of a blush-rose her  
 countenance shone ,  
 Love made of my heart, Mrs Jones, an  
 immediate slaughter—  
 I refer to the infant you showed me last  
 week, to the daughter  
 Who seems to have gone

" She knew a good thing when she saw it  
 Not everyone chooses,  
 Directly they gaze at my features, to  
 burst into crows,  
 But she, only lately alit from aerial  
 cruises,  
 Six months from the skies, she remem-  
 bered 'The Masque of the Muses'  
 And made for my nose

" It was love at first sight , we were  
 natures predestined to tally ,  
 And I think, if those tales of a former  
 existence are true,  
 In Babylon I and your daughter erewhile  
 had been pally,  
 For as soon as I said to her, ' Diddums,'  
 she answered my sally  
 With a spirited ' Goo' !

" And now what is this you have brought  
 me ? This thing that gets furious,  
 Howls at my overtures, screams when  
 I jest as I did,  
 Blind to all bonds of the past, to all sense  
 of a curious  
 Psychic affinity Lady, the article's  
 spurious '  
 That's not your kid

" Not a trace of your ravishing child I  
 detect in this gaby,  
 With two little dots in a plum-coloured  
 face , I can see  
 Not a hint of my fair in this fractious—  
 whatever it may be ,  
 I don't doubt that it's cutting its teeth,  
 but your genuine baby  
 Would never cut me

" I am sorry (please take it away and do  
 something to stop it ,  
 How can I go on in the midst of this  
 horrible moan ?)—

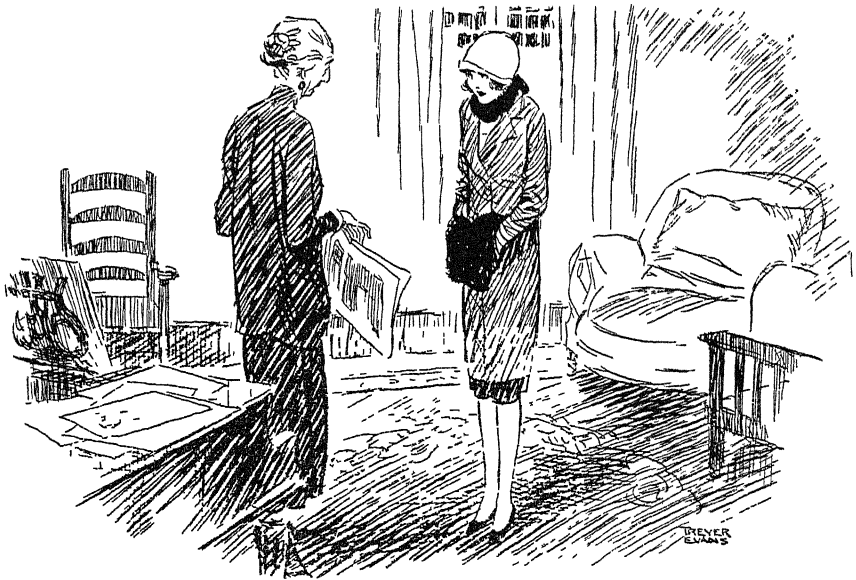
I am sorry, I say, for your bright, your  
 original poppet,  
 But the facts are quite patent, the gypsies  
 have managed to swap it  
 For one of their own "

Sincerely I spoke To assist the good  
 lady I said it,  
 But (strange to relate) she took um-  
 brage , with kisses and purrs  
 Besmothered the bantling, refused alto-  
 gether to credit  
 My views on its origin , calmed it and  
 rocked it and fed it,  
 And *still* says it's hers

EVOE



AGENT "Can I interest you in a vacuum cleaner?"  
 MAID "Not 'ere, Sir We don't keep vacuums "



LADY "You ask very high wages considering how very little experience you say you have had "

APPLICANT "Well, Ma'am, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?"

### Mrs. Mullens Departs

THE thing has happened Mrs Mullens is going For months past at solemn conclaves we have voted her dismissed, and now at last the deed is done We decided on it last night, and the conversation this morning before the attack began thus —

" No, but, John, what can I say to her ? "

" Just tell her to go, dear "

" Don't be silly I can't stalk into the kitchen and say, ' Mrs Mullens, go ' "

" Oh, simply be tactful about it "

" Well, how ? "

" Er—just say, ' Mrs Mullens'—er—' I sent for you this morning——' "

" Don't be silly ! You know I never send for her. She's got rheumatics and the stairs hurt her "

" Well, ' I've come to you this morning to give you a week's notice.' Something like that "

"Sounds a bit curt What'll the old dear do when we chuck her out, John?"

"Oh, she'll find work all right She found us, didn't she?"

"She did"

"Well?"

"All right I wonder if she is the person who pinches things really?"

"I thought we'd decided that"

"Yes, but, John, how can she? She's such a kind old thing—in herself, I mean Look at the way she took that kitten in"

"Look at the way she takes you in"

"Oh, don't get nasty about it. She is good-hearted."

"She's a damn-bad cook"

"I know But do you know she spends all her free time collecting things for the church jumble-sale?"

"Is that what she collected my cuff-links for?"

"But, John, we've no proof, you know"

"Well, what about the milk?"

"Mmmm"



"Oh, Herbert, I could go on like this all day—buying presents and making people happy!"



WIFE "I'm writing a paper on Calendar Reform for our Club Do you know which Pope it was that gave us our present calendar?"

HUSBAND "Pope? Good gracious! I thought it always came from the grocer"

"And that vase she broke?"

"MMM"

"And all the times she's put the clock back to make breakfast punctual?"

"Oh, all right You needn't rake all that up. After all, I am dismissing her, aren't I?"

"Are you?"

"Of course I am Now you be cook and let me practise"

"Fire away, then"

"Er—Mrs Mullens'—er—good morning"

"No, no, no Start straight away."

"Oh, shut up! I'm doing this, not you. 'Mrs Mullens, I'm afraid I must—'"

"Why afraid?"

"Well, aren't I? Do keep to your own part. 'I'm afraid I must give you notice'—or should I say, 'ask you to take notice?'"

"No 'Give you notice.' Dash it all, you're boss here!"

" And suppose she says, ' Why ' ? "

" Then tell her."

" Oh, but, John, I can't It'd hurt her terribly "

Silence

" Listen I'll say, ' must give you notice ' ; then she'll say, ' Why ' ? ' then I'll say, ' Because I think the work is too much for you here ' "

" Not the work *she* does "

" Never mind that She thinks it is "

" But suppose for once she says it isn't ? "

" Mmmm Well, shall I say, ' Because we have to economise ' ? "

" So we're getting another at six pounds extra P A and enlarging the kitchen Sounds a bit unconvincing to me "

" You're so beastly accurate I know what ! "

" What ? "

" I'll say to her, ' Mrs Mullens, would you mind taking a week's notice ' —or should I say a month? That'd give her more time to find something — ' a month's notice, because I promised a friend of mine to take on her cook when she went abroad, and I know——' "

" But you——"

" Never mind, listen —and I know a woman like you won't have any difficulty in getting another place "

" But it's not——"

" Oh, run along!

You'll be late if you don't hurry Don't bother about me I'll manage all right I promise to be very firm if there's any trouble."



INDULGENT MOTHER "How much do your balloons cost? My little boy would like to prick them with a pin "



There was no trouble whatsoever

\* \* \* \* \*

" Er—Mrs Mullens—er—good morning . . "

" Good morning, Mam I'm vey sorry to have to tell you, Mis Jameson, that I'll have to be leaving you Sunday I don't like letting you down, but I promised a lady I worked for that if ever she come back from abroad I'd go and do for her, and my word's my bond And I'm sure a lady like you won't have no difficulty in getting another to take you on "

\* \* \* \* \*

So Mrs Mullens is dismissed



AFTER THE GALE

"And what about this 'ere 'arf timbern? Shall I peel orf what's stuck on, or shall I tack up what's blowed orf?"

